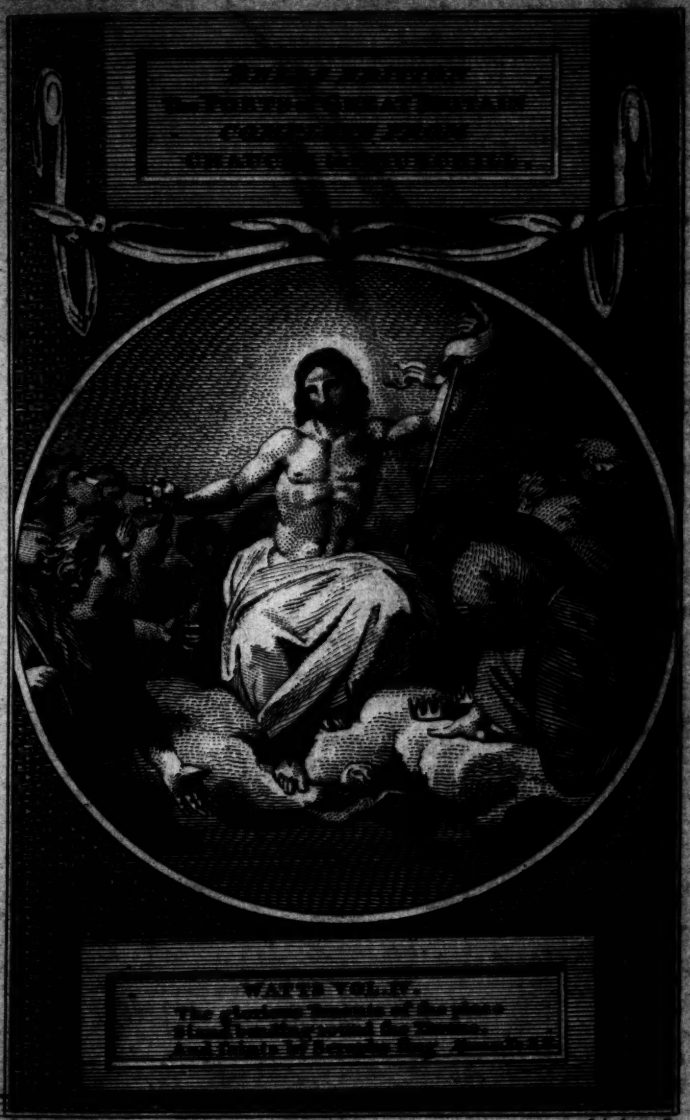

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BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that ſoul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful eaſe,
Loaded with pond'rous ſenſe? [illegible] are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 't is employs the bleſs'd, what makes their bliſs;
Songs ſuch as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verſe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe.——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page:
You in majeſtick numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And Addiſon thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muſe is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. IV.

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AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

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VOL. IV.

CONTAINING HIS

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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I. *COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.*

II. *COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.*

III. *PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.*

Rev. v. 9. And they sung a new song saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us.

Soliti essent (i. e. Christiani) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere. PLIN. *in Epist.*

Hail, heav'n-born Muse! that with celestial flame
And high seraphick numbers durst attempt
To gain thy native skies.——With thought sublime
And high sonorous words thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I seem to gain
And sacred transports feel
While WATTS! to thy celestial strain
Surpris'd I listen still.
The gliding streams their course forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. PHILOMELA.

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HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

[I. *A Song in praise to God from Great Britain.*

NATURE with all her pow'rs shall sing
God the Creator and the King,
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

[2. Begin to make his glories known
Ye seraphs that sit near his throne,
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.]

[3. All mortal things of meaner frame
Exert your force and own his name,
Whilst with our souls and with our voice
We sing his honours and our joys.]

[4. To him be sacred all we have
From the young cradle to the grave,
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word a miracle.]

[5. This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand;
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.

6. He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious like his own,
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]

7. Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders thro' the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

[8. Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' Eternal Name,
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]

9. Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain! pronounce with warmest joy
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

10. Yet mighty God! our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.

II. *The death of a sinner.*

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrours seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

2. Ling'ring about these mortal shores
She makes a long delay,
Till like a flood with rapid force
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3. Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost.

4. There endless crowds of sinners lie
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5. Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6. Amazing grace that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love!

III. *The death and burial of a saint.*

Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our Love. 8

3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay
And left a long perfume. 12

4. The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest
But with the dying Head? 16

5. Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day. 20

6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake ye nations under ground,
Ye saints ascend the skies. 24

IV. *Salvation in the cross.*

Here at thy cross my dying God
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove. 4

2. Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell, shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence
Moveless and firm this heart should lie,
Resolv'd (for that 's my last defence)
If I must perish there to die.

4. But speak my Lord! and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

5. Yes, I 'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

V. *Longing to praise Christ better.*

Lord! when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of my soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;

2. When I behold Death, Hell, and Sin
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the Man that groan'd and dy'd
Sit glorious by his Father's side,

3. My passions rise and soar above,
I 'm wing'd with faith and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

4. But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains,
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall below thy victories.

5. Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high
To join the songs above the sky.

VI. *A morning Song.*

Once more, my soul! the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more my voice thy tribute pay
To him that rolls the skies.

2. Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise,
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

[4. On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withſtand,
Thy juſtice might have cruſh'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5. A thouſand wretched ſouls are fled
Since the laſt ſetting ſun,
And yet thou length'neſt out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6. Dear God! let all my hours be thine
While I enjoy the light,
Then ſhall my ſun in ſmiles decline
And bring a pleaſant night.

VII. *An evening Song.*

[Dread Sov'reign! let my ev'ning ſong
Like holy incenſe riſe,
Aſſiſt the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty ſkies.

2. Thro' all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was ſtill my guard,
And ſtill to drive my wants away
Thy mercy ſtood prepar'd.]

3. Perpetual bleſſings from above
Encompaſs me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4. What have I done for him that dy'd
To ſave my wretched ſoul?
How are my follies multiply'd
Faſt as my minutes roll!

5. Lord! with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear croſs I flee,
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign
To be renew'd by thee.

6. Sprinkled afreſh with pard'ning blood
I lay me down to reſt,
As in th' embraces of my God
Or on my Saviour's breaſt.

VIII. *A Hymn for a morning or evening.*

HOSANNA with a cheerful ſound
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thouſand ſnares attend us round,
And yet ſecure we ſtand.

2. That was a moſt amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word,
And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour
We lean upon the Lord.

3. The ev'ning reſts our weary head,
And angels guard the room,
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4. The rising morning cann't assure
That we shall end the day,
For Death stands ready at the door
To seize our lives away.

5. Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's revenging laws:
We own thy grace immortal King,
In ev'ry gasp we draw.

6. God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings,
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

IX. *Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.*

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I!

[2. Thy body slain, sweet Jesus! thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious suff'rer stood!

3. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

4. Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide
And ſhut his glories in
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's ſin.

5. Thus might I hide my bluſhing face
While his dear croſs appears,
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs
And melt my eyes to tears.

6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord! I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

X. *Parting with carnal joys.*

My ſoul forſakes her vain delight
And bids the world farewell,
Baſe as the dirt beneath my feet,
And miſchievous as hell.

2. No longer will I aſk your love
Nor ſeek your friendſhip more,
The happineſs that I approve
Is not within your pow'r.

3. There 's nothing round this ſpacious earth
That ſuits my large deſire,
To boundleſs joy and ſolid mirth
My nobler thoughts aſpire,

[4. Where pleaſure rolls its living flood,
From ſin and droſs refin'd,
Still ſpringing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5. Th' almighty Ruler of the ſphere,
The Glorious and the Great,
Brings his own allſufficient there
To make our bliſs complete.]

6. Had I the pinions of a dove
I 'd climb the heav'nly road,
There ſits my Saviour dreſs'd in love,
And there my ſmiling God.

XI. *The ſame.*

I Send the joys of earth away,
Away ye tempters of the mind,
Falſe as the ſmooth deceitful ſea,
And empty as the whiſtling wind.

2. Your ſtreams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black deſpair,
And whilſt I liſten'd to your ſong
Your ſtreams had ev'n convey'd me there.

3. Lord! I adore thy matchleſs grace
That warn'd me of that dark abyſs,
That drew me from thoſe treach'rous ſeas,
And bid me ſeek ſuperiour bliſs.

4. Now to the ſhining realms above
I ſtretch my hands and glance mine eyes,
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper ſkies!

5. There from the boſom of my God
Oceans of endleſs pleaſures roll,
There would I fix my laſt abode,
And drown the ſorrows of my ſoul.

XII. *Chriſt is the ſubſtance of the Levitical prieſthood.*

The true Meſſiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the ſhadows and the ſtars
Before the riſing dawn.

2. No ſmoking ſweets nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid nor bullock ſlain;
Incenſe and ſpice of coſtly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3. Aaron muſt lay his robes away,
His mitre and his veſt,
When God himſelf comes down to be
The off'ring and the prieſt.

4. He took our mortal fleſh to ſhow
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below
And prays for us above.

5. "Father," he cries, "forgive their ſins,
"For I myſelf have dy'd,"
And then he ſhows his open'd veins
And pleads his wounded ſide.

XIII. *The creation, preſervation, diſſolution, and reſtoration, of this world.*

SING to the Lord that built the ſkies,
The Lord that rear'd this ſtately frame,
Let half the nations ſound his praiſe,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2. He form'd the ſeas and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop and ev'ry duſt,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And puſh'd them into motion firſt.

3. Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the ſpheres,
He bids the ſhining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the haſty years.

4. Thus ſhall this moving engine laſt
Till all his ſaints are gather'd in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blaſt
To ſhake it all to duſt again.

5. Yet when the ſound ſhall tear the ſkies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints you may lift your joyful eyes,
There 's a new heav'n and earth for you.

XIV. *The Lord's-day*, or, *Delight in ordinances.*

WELCOME sweet day of rest
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes!

2. The King himself comes near
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

XV. *The enjoyment of Christ*, or, *Delight in worship.*

FAR from my thoughts vain world be gone,
Let my religious hours alone,
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit Lord! from thee.

2. My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come my dear Jesus from above
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

[3. The trees of life immortal ſtand
In flouriſhing rows at thy right hand,
And in ſweet murmurs by their ſide
Rivers of bliſs perpetual glide.
4. Haſte then but with a ſmiling face,
And ſpread a table of thy grace,
Bring down a taſte of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with ſacred wine.]
5. Bleſs'd Jeſus! what delicious fare,
How ſweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taſte above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
6. Hail great Emanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories ſhine:
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt, one
That eyes have ſeen or angels known!

XVI. *Part the ſecond.*

Lord! what a heav'n of ſaving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our paſſions to a flame!
Lord! how we love thy charming name!
8. When I can ſay my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories ſhine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.

9. While ſuch a ſcene of ſacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and ſouls employs
Here we could ſit and gaze away
A long an everlaſting day.

10. Well, we ſhall quickly paſs the night
To the fair coaſts of perfect light,
Then ſhall our joyful ſenſes rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

[11. There ſhall we drink full draughts of bliſs,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet now and then dear Lord beſtow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

12. Send comforts down from thy right hand
While we paſs thro' this barren land,
And in thy temple let us ſee
A glimpſe of love, a glimpſe of thee.]

XVII. *God's eternity.*

Rise, riſe my ſoul and leave the ground,
Stretch all my thoughts abroad,
And rouſe up ev'ry tuneful ſound
To praiſe th' Eternal God.

2. Long ere the lofty ſkies were ſpread
Jehovah fill'd his throne,
Or Adam form'd or angels made
The Maker liv'd alone.

3. His boundleſs years can ne'er decreaſe,
But ſtill maintain their prime,
Eternity 's his dwelling-place,
And ever is his time.

4. While like a tide our minutes flow
The preſent and the paſt,
He fills his own immortal Now
And ſees our ages waſte.

5. The ſea and ſky muſt periſh too,
And vaſt deſtruction come;
The creatures, look how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

6. Well, let the ſea ſhrink all away,
And flame melt down the ſkies,
My God ſhall live an endleſs day
When th' old creation dies.

XVIII. *The miniſtry of angels.*

High on a hill of dazzling light
The King of Glory ſpreads his ſeat,
And troops of angels ſtretch'd for flight
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2. "Go," ſaith the Lord, "my Gabriel go,
"Salute the Virgin's fruitful womb *,
"Make haſte ye cherubs down below,
"Sing and proclaim the Saviour come †."

* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13.

3. Here a bright ſquadron leaves the ſkies
And thick around Eliſha ſtands *,
Anon a heav'nly ſoldier flies
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands †.

4. Thy winged troops, O God of hoſts!
Wait on thy wand'ring church below,
Here we are ſailing to thy coaſts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5. Are they not all thy ſervants Lord?
At thy command they go and come,
With cheerful haſte obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home ‡.

XIX. *Our frail bodies, and God our preſerver.*

Let others boaſt how ſtrong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear,
But we 'll confeſs O Lord to thee
What feeble things we are.

2. Freſh as the graſs our bodies ſtand
And flouriſh bright and gay,
A blaſting wind ſweeps o'er the land
And fades the graſs away.

3. Our life contains a thouſand ſprings,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange! that a harp of thouſand ſtrings
Should keep in tune ſo long.

* 2 Kings vi. 17. † Acts xii. 7. ‡ Heb. i. 14.

4. But 't is our God ſupports our frame,
The God that built us firſt;
Salvation to th' almighty name
That rear'd us from the duſt.

[5. He ſpoke, and ſtraight our hearts and brains
In all their motions roſe,
"Let blood," ſaid he, "flow round the veins,"
And round the veins it flows.

6. While we have breath or uſe our tongues
Our Maker we 'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs
Or they would breathe no more.]

XX. *Backſlidings and returns*, or, *The inconſtancy of our love.*

Why is my heart ſo far from thee
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

[2. Why ſhould my fooliſh paſſions rove?
Where can ſuch ſweetneſs be
As I have taſted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?]

3. When my forgetful ſoul renews
The ſavour of thy grace,
My heart preſumes I cannot loſe
The reliſh all my days.

4. But ere ſome fleeting hour is paſt,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some ſenſual bait to ſeize my taſte
And to pollute my joys.

[5. Trifles of nature or of art
With fair deceitful charms
Intrude into my thoughtleſs heart,
And thruſt me from thy arms.]

6. Then I repent and vex my ſoul
That I ſhould leave thee ſo;
Where will thoſe wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

[7. Since promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief,
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief;

8. Seizing my ſoul with ſweet ſurpriſe
He draws with loving bands,
Divine compaſſion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

[9. Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chaſe of falſe delight!
Let me be faſten'd to thy croſs
Rather than loſe thy ſight.]

[10. Make haſte my days to reach the goal
And bring my heart to reſt
On the dear centre of my ſoul,
My God my Saviour's breaſt.]

XXI. *A song of praise to God the Redeemer.*

LET the old Heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove,
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love. 4

2. Behold a God descends and dies
To save my soul from gaping hell;
How the black gulf where Satan lies
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell! 8

3. How Justice frown'd and Vengeance stood
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again. 12

4. Infinite Lover, gracious Lord!
To thee be endless honours giv'n;
Thy wondrous name shall be ador'd
Round the wide earth and wider heav'n. 16

XXII. *With God is terrible majesty.*

TERRIBLE God! that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand. 4

2. This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown;
Thine arrows struck the traitor thro',
And weighty vengeance sunk him down. 8

3. This Sodom felt, and feels it ſtill,
And roars beneath th' eternal load:
"With endleſs burnings who can dwell,
"Or bear the fury of a God?"

4. Tremble ye ſinners and ſubmit,
Throw down your arms before his throne,
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his ſtrong hand ſhall cruſh you down.

5. And ye bleſs'd ſaints that love him too
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heav'nly ſervants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

XXIII. *The ſight of God and Chriſt in heaven.*

DESCEND from heav'n immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of theſe inferiour things;

2. Beyond, beyond this lower ſky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where ſolid pleaſures never die,
And fruits immortal feaſt the ſoul.

3. O for a ſight, a pleaſing ſight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There ſits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4. Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious thro' the man,
And ſheds ſweet glories on them all!

5. O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they ſing,
And ſit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And ſpread the triumphs of their King!

6. When ſhall the day dear Lord appear
That I ſhall mount to dwell above,
And ſtand and bow amongſt 'em there,
And view thy face and ſing and love?

XXIV. *The evil of ſin viſible in the fall of angels and men.*

When the great Builder arch'd the ſkies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praiſe,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2. High in the midſt of all the throng
Satan a tall archangel ſat,
Amongſt the morning-ſtars he ſung *
Till ſin deſtroy'd his heav'nly ſtate.

[3. 'Twas ſin that hurl'd him from his throne;
Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies:
"How art thou ſunk in darkneſs down,
"Son of the morning †, from the ſkies!"]

* Job xxxviii. 7. † Iſa. xiv. 12.

4. And thus our two first parents stood,
Till sin defil'd the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

[5. So sprung the plague from Adam's bow'r,
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin, the curs'd name! that in one hour
Spoil'd six days labour of a God.]

6. Tremble my soul! and mourn for grief
That such a foe should seize thy breast,
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief;
Oh may he slay this treach'rous guest!

7. Then to thy throne victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise,
Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin the monster bleeds and dies.

XXV. *Complaining of spiritual sloth.*

My drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing 's half so dull.

2. The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive,
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain
How negligent we live!

3. We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their counsels move,
We for whose guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above!

4. We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5. Lord! shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts!
Come holy Dove from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6. Then shall our active spirits move,
Upwards our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love
We 'll fly and take the prize.

XXVI. *God invisible.*

Lord! we are blind, we mortals blind,
We cann't behold thy bright abode,
O 't is beyond a creature-mind
To glance a thought half way to God.

2. Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3. The Lord of glory builds his ſeat
Of gems inſufferably bright,
And lays beneath his ſacred feet
Subſtantial beams of gloomy night. 12

4. Yet glorious Lord! thy gracious eyes
Look thro' and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praiſe thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore and yet we love. 16

XXVII. *Praiſe ye him all his angels, Pſal.* cxlviii. 2.

God! the eternal awful name
That the whole heav'nly army fears,
That ſhakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears. 4

2. Like flames of fire his ſervants are,
And light ſurrounds his dwelling-place;
But O ye fiery flames! declare
The brighter glories of his face. 8

3. 'Tis not for ſuch poor worms as we
To ſpeak ſo infinite a thing,
But your immortal eyes ſurvey
The beauties of your ſov'reign King. 12

4. Tell how he ſhows his ſmiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array;
Triumph and joy run thro' the place,
And ſongs eternal as the day. 16

5. Speak (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it ſpreads thro' all your frame;
That ſacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have loſt the name.

[6. Sing of his pow'r and juſtice too,
That infinite right hand of his
That vanquiſh'd Satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliſs.]

[7. What mighty ſtorms of poiſon'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly jav'lins nail'd their hearts
Faſt to the racks of long deſpair!]

[8. Shout to your King you heav'nly hoſt,
You that beheld the ſinking foe;
Firmly ye ſtood when they were loſt;
Praiſe the rich grace that kept you ſo.]

9. Proclaim his wonders from the ſkies,
Let ev'ry diſtant nation hear,
And while you ſound his lofty praiſe
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

XXVIII. *Death and eternity.*

Stoop down my thoughts that uſe to riſe,
Converſe a while with death,
Think how a gaſping mortal lies
And pants away his breath.

2. His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulſes faint and few,
Then ſpeechleſs with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu.

3. But oh! the ſoul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts purſue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4. Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there,
Or devils plunge it down to hell
In infinite deſpair.

5. And muſt my body faint and die?
And muſt this ſoul remove?
Oh for ſome guardian angel nigh
To bear it ſafe above!

6. Jeſus! to thy dear faithful hand
My naked ſoul I truſt,
And my fleſh waits for thy command
To drop into my duſt.

XXIX. *Redemption by price and power.*

Jesus! with all thy ſaints above
My tongue would bear her part,
Would ſound aloud thy ſaving love,
And ſing thy bleeding heart.

2. Bleſs'd be the Lamb my deareſt Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming ſword
In his own vital flood.

3. The Lamb that freed my captive ſoul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And ſent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horrour reigns.

4. All glory to the dying Lamb
And never-ceaſing praiſe,
While angels live to know his name,
Or ſaints to feel his grace.

XXX. *Heavenly joy on earth.*

[Come we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
And thus ſurround the throne.

2. The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from the place!
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſures leſs.]

3. Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

[4. The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he pleaſe,
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And manages the ſeas,]

5. This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,
He ſhall ſend down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6. There ſhall we ſee his face,
And never never ſin,
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.

7. Yes, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.

[8. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]

[9. The hill of Sion yields
A thouſand ſacred ſweets
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

10. Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry,
We 're marching thro' Emanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.]

XXXI. *Christ's presence makes death easy.*

WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2. The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away,
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3. Oh! if my Lord would come and meet
My soul! she 'd stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' Death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrours as she past.

4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

XXXII. *Frailty and folly.*

How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2. Our days run thoughtlessly along
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song
We pass our lives away.

3. God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedleſs on,
And ever haſt'ning to the tomb
Stoop downwards as we run.

4. How we deſerve the deepeſt hell
That ſlight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance ſhould we feel
That break ſuch cords of love!

5. Draw us O God with ſov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And ſee ſalvation nigh.

XXXIII. *The bleſſed ſociety in heaven.*

Raise thee my ſoul, fly up and run
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet,
And ſay there 's nought below the ſun
That 's worthy of thy feet.

[2. Thus will we mount on ſacred wings
And tread the courts above,
Nor earth nor all her mightieſt things
Shall tempt our meaneſt love.]

3. There on a high majeſtick throne
Th' almighty Father reigns,
And ſheds his glorious goodneſs down
On all the bliſsful plains.

4. Bright like a ſun the Saviour ſits
And ſpreads eternal noon;
No ev'nings there nor gloomy nights
To want the feeble moon.

5. Amidſt thoſe ever-ſhining ſkies
Behold the ſacred Dove,
While baniſh'd ſin and ſorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6. The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne,
And ſaints and ſeraphs ſing and praiſe
The infinite Three-One.

7. [But O what beams of heav'nly grace
Tranſport them all the while!
Ten thouſand ſmiles from Jeſus' face,
And love in ev'ry ſmile!]

8. Jeſus! and when ſhall that dear day,
That joyful hour, appear,
When I ſhall leave this houſe of clay
To dwell amongſt 'em there?

XXXIV. *Breathing after the holy Spirit, or, Fervency of devotion deſired.*

Come holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4. Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold, to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5. Come holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

[XXXV. *Praise to God for creation and redemption.*

Let them neglect thy glory Lord
Who never knew thy grace,
But our loud song shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2. We raise our shouts O God to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

3. 'Twas he (and we 'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word,
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord! 12

4. Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round. 16

XXXVI. *Christ's intercession.*

Well, the Redeemer 's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood. 4

2. No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath, comes down;
If justice calls for sinners' blood
The Saviour shows his own. 8

3. Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves,
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves. 12

4. Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honours sing;
Jesus the Priest receives our songs
And bears them to the King. 16

[5. We bow before his face
And ſound his glories high,
" Hoſanna to the God of grace
" That lays his thunder by.]

6. " On earth thy mercy reigns
" And triumphs all above;"
But Lord how weak our mortal ſtrains
To ſpeak immortal love!

7. How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we ſing!
Sweet Saviour! tune our ſongs anew
And they ſhall pleaſe the King.

XXXVII. *The ſame.*

Lift up your eyes to th' heav'nly ſeat
Where your Redeemer ſtays:
Kind Interceſſor! there he ſits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2. 'Twas well my ſoul he dy'd for thee,
And ſhed his vital blood,
Appeas'd ſtern juſtice on the tree,
And then aroſe to God.

3. Petitions now and praiſe may riſe,
And ſaints their off'rings bring,
The Prieſt with his own ſacrifice
Preſents them to the King.

[4. Let Papiſts truſt what names they pleaſe,
Their ſaints and angels boaſt,
We 'ave no ſuch advocates as theſe,
Nor pray to th' heav'nly hoſt.]

5. Jeſus alone ſhall hear my cries
Up to his Father's throne;
He (deareſt Lord) perfumes my ſighs
And ſweetens ev'ry groan.

[6. Ten thouſand praiſes to the King,
Hoſanna in the higheſt;
Ten thouſand thanks our ſpirits bring
To God and to his Chriſt.]

XXXVIII. *Love to God.*

Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inſpires the breaſt;
Love is the brighteſt of the train,
And ſtrengthens all the reſt.

2. Knowledge, alas! 't is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our ſtubborn ſins will fight and reign
If love be abſent there.

3. 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In ſwift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4. This is the grace that lives and ſings
When faith and hope ſhall ceaſe,
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings
In the ſweet realms of bliſs.

5. Before we quite forſake our clay
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To ſee our ſmiling God.

XXXIX. *The ſhortneſs and miſery of life.*

Our days alas! our mortal days,
Are ſhort and wretched too;
"Evil and few" † the patriarch ſays,
And well the patriarch knew.

2. 'Tis but at beſt a narrow bound
That Heav'n allows to men,
And pains and ſins run thro' the round
Of threeſcore years and ten.

3. Well, if ye muſt be ſad and few,
Run on my days in haſte;
Moments of ſin and months of wo
Ye cannot fly too faſt.

4. Let heav'nly love prepare my ſoul
And call her to the ſkies,
Where years of long ſalvation roll
And glory never dies.

† Gen. xlvii. 9.

XL. *Our comfort in the covenant made with Christ.*

OUR God! how firm his promise stands
Ev'n when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2. Then why my soul these sad complaints
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3. Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n possest;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

XLI. *A sight of God mortifies us to the world.*

[UP to the fields where angels lie
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2. Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ!
Can make this load of guilt remove,
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st
On thy kind wings celestial Dove!

3. O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes!]

4. Had I a glance of thee my God
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon,
Vanish as tho' I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5. Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6. Great All in All, Eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

XLII. *Delight in God.*

My God! what endless pleasures dwell
Above at thy right hand!
The courts below how amiable!
Where all thy graces stand.

2. The swallow near thy temple lies
And chirps a cheerful note,
The lark mounts upwards tow'rd thy skies
And tunes her warbling throat.

3. And we when in thy preſence Lord,
We ſhout with joyful tongues,
Or ſitting round our Father's board
We crown the feaſt with ſongs.

4. While Jeſus ſhines with quick'ning grace
We ſing and mount on high,
But if a frown becloud his face
We faint, and tire, and die.

[5. Juſt as we ſee the loneſome dove
Bemoan her widow'd ſtate,
Wand'ring ſhe flies thro' all the grove
And mourns her loving mate.

6. Juſt ſo our thoughts from thing to thing
In reſtleſs circles rove,
Juſt ſo we droop and hang the wing
When Jeſus hides his love.]

XLIII. *Chriſt's ſufferings and glory.*

Now for a tune of lofty praiſe
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake my voice in heav'nly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.

2. Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above,
How ſwift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlaſting love.

[3. Down to this baſe this ſinful earth
He came to raiſe our nature high,
He came t' atone almighty wrath;
Jeſus the God was born to die.]

[4. Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monſters ſpilt,
While weighty ſorrows preſs'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

5. Deep in the ſhades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay,
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And roſe to everlaſting day.

6. Lift up your eyes ye ſons of light,
Up to his throne of ſhining grace,
See what immortal glories ſit
Round the ſweet beauties of his face!

7. Among a thouſand harps and ſongs
Jeſus the God exalted reigns,
His ſacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains.

XLIV. *Hell*, or, *The vengeance of God.*

With holy fear and humble ſong
The dreadful God our ſouls adore;
Rev'rence and awe becomes the tongue
That ſpeaks the terrours of his pow'r.

2. Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horrour and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

[3. Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.

4. There Satan the first sinner lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]

5. There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

6. Tremble my soul and kiss the Son;
Sinner obey thy Saviour's call,
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

XLV. *God's condescension to our worship.*

Thy favours Lord surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2. Still might he fill his ſtarry throne,
And pleaſe his ears with Gabriel's ſongs,
But th' heav'nly Majeſty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues. 8

3. Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love ſo infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compaſſion's all divine. 12

XLVI. *God's condeſcenſion to human affairs.*

UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlaſting praiſes fly,
And tell how large his bounties are. 4

[2. He that can ſhake the worlds he made,
Or with his word or with his rod,
His goodneſs how amazing great!
And what a condeſcending God!] 8

[3. God that muſt ſtoop to view the ſkies,
And bow to ſee what angels do,
Down to our earth he caſts his eyes,
And bends his footſteps downwards too.] 12

4. He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble ſouls the King of kings
Beſtows his counſels and his cares. 16

5. Our ſorrows and our tears we pour
Into the boſom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

6. In vain might lofty princes try
Such condeſcenſion to perform,
For worms were never rais'd ſo high
Above their meaneſt fellow-worm.

7. Oh! could our thankful hearts deviſe
A tribute equal to thy grace!
To the third heav'n our ſongs ſhould riſe,
And teach the golden harps thy praiſe.

XLVII. *Glory and grace in the perſon of Chriſt.*

Now to the Lord a noble ſong,
Awake my ſoul, awake my tongue;
Hoſanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim.

2. See where it ſhines in Jeſus' face,
The brighteſt image of his grace;
God in the perſon of his Son
Has all his mightieſt works outdone.

3. The ſpacious earth and ſpreading flood
Proclaim the wiſe and pow'rful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling ſtar.

4. But in his looks a glory ſtands,
The nobleſt labour of thine hands;
The pleaſing luſtre of his eyes
Outſhines the wonders of the ſkies.

5. Grace! 't is a ſweet a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jeſus' name!
Ye angels dwell upon the ſound,
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground.

6. Oh! may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And ſing his name to harps of gold.

XLVIII. *Love to the creatures is dangerous.*

How vain are all things here below!
How falſe and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure hath its poiſon too,
And ev'ry ſweet a ſnare.

2. The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh
Where we poſſeſs delight.

3. Our deareſt joys and neareſt friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds
And leave but half for God!

4. The fondneſs of a creature's love
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call 'em thence.

5. Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

XLIX. *Moſes dying in the embraces of God.*

Death cannot make our ſouls afraid
If God be with us there,
We may walk thro' her darkeſt ſhade
And never yield to fear.

2. I could renounce my all below
If my Creator bid,
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moſes did.

3. Might I but climb to Piſgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My fleſh itſelf ſhould long to drop
And pray for the command.

4. Claſp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
And loſe my life among the charms
Of ſo divine a death.

L. *Comforts under sorrows and pains.*

Now let the Lord my Saviour ſmile,
And ſhow my name upon his heart,
I would forget my pains a while,
And in the pleaſure loſe the ſmart.

2. But oh! it ſwells my ſorrows high
To ſee my bleſſed Jeſus frown,
My ſpirits ſink, my comforts die,
And all the ſprings of life are down.

3. Yet why my ſoul! why theſe complaints?
Still while he frowns his bowels move,
Still on his heart he bears his ſaints,
And feels their ſorrows and his love.

4. My name is printed on his breaſt,
His book of life contains my name,
I'd rather have it there impreſt
Than in the bright records of fame.

5. When the laſt fire burns all things here
Thoſe letters ſhall ſecurely ſtand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear
Writ by th' Eternal Father's hand.

6. Now ſhall my minutes ſmoothly run
Whilſt here I wait my Father's will,
My riſing and my ſetting ſun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

LI. *God the Son equal with the Father.*

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our ſpirits bow before thy ſeat,
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worſhip at thine awful feet.

[2. Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wiſdom ſways
All nature with a ſov'reign word,
And the bright world of ſtars obeys
The will of their ſuperiour Lord.]

[3. Mercy and truth unite in one,
And ſmiling ſit at thy right hand;
Eternal juſtice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4. A thouſand ſeraphs ſtrong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongſt the ſons of light
Pretends compariſon with thee?

5. Yet there is one of human frame,
Jeſus! array'd in fleſh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6. Their glory ſhines with equal beams,
Their eſſence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

7. Then let the name of Chriſt our King
With equal honours be ador'd,
His praiſe let ev'ry angel ſing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

LII. *Death dreadful or delightful.*

DEATH! 't is a melancholy day
To thoſe that have no God,
When the poor ſoul is forc'd away
To ſeek her laſt abode.

2. In vain to heav'n ſhe lifts her eyes,
But guilt a heavy chain
Still drags her downward from the ſkies
To darkneſs, fire, and pain.

3. Awake and mourn ye heirs of hell,
Let ſtubborn ſinners fear,
You muſt be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

4. See how the pit gapes wide for you
And flaſhes in your face;
And thou my ſoul! look downwards too
And ſing recov'ring grace.

5. He is a God of ſov'reign love
That promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to ſoar above
Where happy ſpirits be.

6. Prepare me Lord! for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come death, and ſome celeſtial band,
To bear my ſoul away.

LIII. *The pilgrimage of the ſaints, or, Earth and heaven.*

LORD! what a wretched land is this
That yields us no ſupply,
No cheering fruits, no wholeſome trees,
Nor ſtreams of living joy!

2. But pricking thorns thro' all the ground
And mortal poiſons grow,
And all the rivers that are found
With dang'rous waters flow.

3. Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies thro' this horrid land,
Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

[4. Our ſouls ſhall tread the deſert thro'
With undiverted feet,
And faith and flaming zeal ſubdue
The terrours that we meet.]

[5. A thouſand ſavage beaſts of prey
Around the foreſt roam,
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the ſtrangers home.]

[6. Long nights and darkneſs dwell below
With ſcarce a twinkling ray,
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlaſting day.]

[7. By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the ſacred road;
Thro' diſmal deeps and dang'rous ſnares
We make our way to God.]

8. Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward ſtill,
Forget theſe troubles of the ways,
And reach at Sion's hill.

[9. See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come!
There Jeſus the forerunner waits
To welcome trav'llers home.]

10. There on a green and flow'ry mount
Our weary ſouls ſhall ſit,
And with tranſporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

[11. No vain diſcourſe ſhall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear,
Infinite grace ſhall fill our ſong,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12. Eternal glories to the King
That brought us ſafely thro'
Our tongues ſhall never ceaſe to ſing,
And endleſs praiſe renew.

LIV. *God's preſence is light in darkneſs.*

My God the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights!

2. In darkeſt ſhades if he appear
My dawning is begun,
He is my ſoul's ſweet morning-ſtar,
And he my riſing ſun.

3. The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
While Jeſus ſhews his heart is mine,
And whiſpers "I am his."

4. My ſoul would leave this heavy clay
At that tranſporting word,
Run up with joy the ſhining way
T' embrace my deareſt Lord.

5. Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death
I 'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conq'ror thro'.

LV. *Frail life and ſucceeding eternity.*

THEE we adore Eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2. Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill
As months and days increaſe,
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell
Leaves but the number leſs.

3. The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're trav'lling to the grave. 12

4. Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home. 16

5. Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings. 20

6. Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on ev'ry breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death! 24

7. Waken O Lord our drowsy sense
To walk this dang'rous road,
And if our souls are hurry'd hence
May they be found with God. 28

LVI. *The misery of being without God in this world, or, Vain prosperity.*

No, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Tho' they increase their golden store
And rise to wondrous height. 4

2. They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod;
Well they may search the creature thro',
For they have ne'er a God.

3. Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hast'ning on to you
To mow your glory down.

4. Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed
To bear it to the skies.

5. Go now and boast of all your stores
And tell how bright you shine,
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
And my Redeemer 's mine.

LVII. *The pleasures of a good conscience.*

Lord! how secure and bless'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2. The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love,
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

[3. Quick as their thoughts their joys come on;
But fly not half so swift away,
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer ev'nings be.]

4. How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills
Where groves of living pleasure grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow!

5. They scorn to seek out golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That Heav'n prepares for their delight.

6. While wretched we like worms and moles
Lie grov'ling in the dust below;
Almighty grace renew our souls,
And we 'll aspire to glory too.

LVIII. *The shortness of life and the goodness of God.*

Time! what an empty vapour 't is,
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

[2. The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say "they 're here",
But only say "they 're past".]

[3. Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.]

4. Yet mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5. 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love,
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

6. His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!

7. Thus we begin the lasting song,
And when we close our eyes
Let the next age thy praise prolong
Till time and nature dies.

LIX. *Paradise on earth.*

Glory to God that walks the sky,
And sends his blessings thro';
That tells his saints of joys on high
And gives a taste below.

[2. Glory to God that ſtoops his throne
That duſt and worms may ſee 't,
And brings a glimpſe of glory down
Around his ſacred feet.

3. When Chriſt with all his graces crown'd
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4. A blooming paradiſe of joy
In this wild deſert ſprings,
And ev'ry ſenſe I ſtraight employ
On ſweet celeſtial things.

5. White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory ſhows;
The roſe of Sharon bloſſoms here,
The faireſt flow'r that blows.

6. Cheerful I feaſt on heav'nly fruit,
And drink the pleaſures down,
Pleaſures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]

7. But ah! how ſoon my joys decay,
How ſoon my ſins ariſe,
And ſnatch the heav'nly ſcene away
From theſe lamenting eyes!

8. When ſhall the time dear Jeſus! when
The ſhining day, appear
That I ſhall leave thoſe clouds of ſin,
And guilt and darkneſs here?

9. Up to the fields above the ſkies
My haſty feet would go,
There everlaſting flow'rs ariſe
And joys unwith'ring grow.

LX. *The truth of God the promiſer*, or, *The promiſes are our ſecurity.*

Praiſe, everlaſting praiſe, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid,
Praiſe to the God whoſe ſtrong decrees
Sway the creation as he pleaſe.

2. Praiſe to the goodneſs of the Lord
Who rules his people by his word,
And there as ſtrong as his decrees
He ſets his kindeſt promiſes.

[3. Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God
Who ſpoke and ſpread the ſkies abroad.

4. Each of them pow'rful as that ſound
That bid the new-made heav'ns go round,
And ſtronger than the ſolid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

5. Whence then ſhould doubts and fears ariſe?
Why trickling ſorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6. O for a ſtrong a laſting faith
To credit what th' Almighty ſaith!
T' embrace the meſſage of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

7. Then ſhould the earth's old pillars ſhake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our ſteady ſouls ſhould fear no more
Than ſolid rocks when billows roar.

8. Our everlaſting hopes ariſe
Above the ruinable ſkies,
Where the Eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his pow'r ſuſtains.

LXI. *A thought of death and glory.*

My ſoul! come meditate the day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

[2. And you mine eyes look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy priſon waits for you
Whene'er the ſummons come.]

3. Oh could we die with thoſe that die,
And place us in their ſtead!
Then would our ſpirits learn to fly
And converſe with the dead;

4. Then ſhould we ſee the ſaints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our ſouls ſhould love
To dwell with mortal worms:

[5. How we ſhould ſcorn theſe clothes of fleſh,
Theſe fetters and this load,
And long for ev'ning to undreſs
That we may reſt with God!]

6. We ſhould almoſt forſake our clay
Before the ſummons come,
And pray and wiſh our ſouls away
To their eternal home.

LXII. *God the Thunderer*, or, *The laſt judgment and hell**.

Sing to the Lord ye heav'nly hoſts,
And thou O earth adore,
Let death and hell thro' all their coaſts
Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2. His ſounding chariot ſhakes the ſky,
He makes the clouds his throne,
There all his ſtores of lightning lie
Till vengeance darts them down.

3. His noſtrils breathe out fiery ſtreams,
And from his awful tongue
A ſov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

* Made in a great ſudden ſtorm of thunder, Aug. 20. 1697.

4. Think O my ſoul the dreadful day
When this incenſed God,
Shall rend the ſky and burn the ſea,
And fling his wrath abroad!

5. What ſhall the wretch the ſinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord,
But he ſhall dread the Thund'rer now,
And ſink beneath his word.

6. Tempeſts of angry fire ſhall roll
To blaſt the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked ſoul
In one eternal ſtorm.

LXIII. *A funeral thought.*

HARK, from the tombs a doleful ſound!
My ears attend the cry,
"Ye living men come view the ground
"Where you muſt ſhortly lie.

2. "Princes, this clay muſt be your bed
"In ſpite of all your tow'rs;
"The tall, the wiſe, the rev'rend head
"Muſt lie as low as ours."

3. Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we ſtill ſecure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4. Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace
To fit our ſouls to fly,
Then when we drop this dying fleſh
We'll riſe above the ſky.

LXIV. *God the glory and the defence of Sion.*

HAPPY the church, thou ſacred place!
The ſeat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God!

2. Thy walls are ſtrength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriours waits,
Nor ſhall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counſels and his love.

3. Thy foes in vain deſigns engage,
Againſt his throne in vain they rage,
Like riſing waves with angry roar
That daſh and die upon the ſhore.

4. Then let our ſouls in Sion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5. God is our ſhield and God our ſun:
Swift as the fleeting moments run
On us he ſheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brighteſt praiſe.

LXV. *The hopes of heaven our support under trials on earth.*

When I can read my title clear
To manſions in the ſkies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes. 4

2. Should earth againſt my ſoul engage
And helliſh darts be hurl'd,
Then I can ſmile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world. 8

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall,
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all? 12

4. There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt. 16

LXVI. *A proſpect of heaven makes death eaſy.*

There is a land of pure delight
Where ſaints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain. 4

2. There everlaſting ſpring abides
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death like a narrow ſea divides
This heav'nly land from ours. 8

[3. Sweet fields beyond the ſwelling flood
Stand dreſs'd in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood
While Jordan roll'd between.
4. But tim'rous mortals ſtart and ſhrink
To croſs this narrow ſea,
And linger ſhiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to lanch away.]
5. Oh! could we make our doubts remove
Thoſe gloomy doubts that riſe,
And ſee the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;
6. Could we but climb where Moſes ſtood,
And view the landſcape o'er,
Not Jordan's ſtream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the ſhore.

LXVII. *God's eternal dominion.*

Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praiſe to thee.
2. Thy throne eternal ages ſtood
Ere ſeas or ſtars were made;
Thou art the everliving God
Were all the nations dead.

3. Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immenſe ſurvey,
From the formation of the ſky
To the great burning day.

4. Eternity with all its years
Stands preſent in thy view;
To thee there 's nothing old appears,
Great God! there 's nothing new.

5. Our lives thro' various ſcenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on,
Thine undiſturb'd affairs.

6. Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praiſe to thee.

LXVIII. *The humble worſhip of heaven.*

Father! I long, I faint, to ſee
The place of thine abode;
I 'd leave thy earthly courts and flee
Up to thy ſeat my God!

2. Here I behold thy diſtant face,
And 't is a pleaſant ſight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3. I 'd part with all the joys of ſenſe
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleaſure ſprings freſh for ever thence,
Unſpeakable, unknown.

4. There all the heav'nly hoſts are ſeen,
In ſhining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder and with love.

5. Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall,
With joy they ſhrink to nothing there
Before th' Eternal All.

6. There I would vie with all the hoſt
In duty and in bliſs,
While leſs than nothing I could boaſt,
And vanity confeſs *.

7. The more thy glories ſtrike mine eyes
The humbler I ſhall lie;
Thus while I ſink my joy ſhall riſe
Unmeaſurably high.

LXIX. *The faithfulneſs of God in the promiſes.*

[BEGIN my tongue ſome heav'nly theme,
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs thing,
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our Eternal King.

* Iſa. xl. 17.

2. Tell of his wondrous faithfulneſs,
And ſound his pow'r abroad,
Sing the ſweet promiſe of his grace,
And the performing God. 8

3. Proclaim "ſalvation from the Lord
"For wretched dying men;"
His hand has writ the ſacred word
With an immortal pen. 12

4. Engrav'd as in eternal braſs
The mighty promiſe ſhines,
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting lines.] 16

[5. He that can daſh whole worlds to death
And make them when he pleaſe,
He ſpeaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees. 20

6. His very word of grace is ſtrong
As that which built the ſkies:
The voice that rolls the ſtars along
Speaks all the promiſes. 24

7. He ſaid "Let the wide heav'n be ſpread,"
And heav'n was ſtretch'd abroad;
"Abra'm I 'll be thy God," he ſaid,
And he was Abra'm's God. 28

8. O might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
But whiſper "Thou art mine!"
Thoſe gentle words ſhould raiſe my ſong
To notes almoſt divine. 32

9. How would my leaping heart rejoice
And think my heav'n ſecure!
I truſt the allcreating voice,
And faith deſires no more.] 36

LXX. *God's dominion over the ſea*; Pſal. cvii. 23, &c.

God of the ſeas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!
And one ſoft word of thy command
Can ſink them ſilent in the ſand. 4

2. If but a Moſes wave thy rod
The ſea divides and owns its God,
The ſtormy floods their Maker know
And let his choſen armies thro'. 8

3. The ſcaly flocks amidſt the ſea
To thee their Lord a tribute pay;
The meaneſt fiſh that ſwims the flood
Leaps up and means a praiſe to God. 12

[4. The larger monſters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep,
By thy permiſſion ſport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way. 16

5. If God his voice of tempeſt rears
Leviathan lies ſtill and fears,
Anon he lifts his noſtrils high,
And ſpouts the ocean to the ſky.] 20

6. How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Amidſt theſe wat'ry nations Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the ſeas,
Bold men, refuſe their Maker's praiſe. 24

[7. What ſcenes of miracles they ſee
And never tune a ſong to thee!
While on the flood they ſafely ride
They curſe the hand that ſmooths the tide. 28

8. Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And ſome drink death among the waves,
Yet the ſurviving crew blaſphene,
Nor own the God that reſcu'd them.] 32

9. Oh for ſome ſignal of thine hand!
Shake all the ſeas Lord, ſhake the land:
Great Judge deſcend, leſt men deny
That there's a God that rules the ſky †. 36

LXXI. *Praiſe to God from all creatures.*

The glories of my Maker God
My joyful voice ſhall ſing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King. 4

2. 'Twas his right hand that ſhap'd our clay
And wrought this human frame,
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler ſpirits came. 8

† From the 70th to the 180th Hymn I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the firſt and third lines of the ſtanza.

3. We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worſhip with our tongues,
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
And join th' angelick ſongs.

4. Let grov'ling beaſts of ev'ry ſhape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and ſeas,
Their various tribute bring,

5. Ye planets to his honour ſhine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praiſe him in your unweary'd courſe
Around the ſteady pole.

6. The brightneſs of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

LXXII. *The Lord's-day*, or, *The reſurrection of Chriſt.*

Bleſt morning! whoſe young dawning rays
Beheld our riſing God,
That ſaw him triumph o'er the duſt,
And leave his dark abode.

2. In the cold priſon of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving ſkies had brought
The third th' appointed day.

3. Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain,
The sleeping Conqueror arose
And burst their feeble chain.

4. To thy great name Almighty Lord!
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

[5. Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.]

LXXIII. *Doubts scattered*, or, *Spiritual joy restored.*

Hence from my soul sad thoughts be gone
And leave me to my joys,
My tongue shall triumph in my God
And make a joyful noise.

2. Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sov'reign grace with shining rays
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3. O! what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine!

4. In vain the tempter frights my ſoul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpſe dear Saviour of thy face
Revives my joys again.

LXXIV. *Repentance from a ſenſe of divine goodneſs, or, A complaint of ingratitude.*

Is this the kind return,
And theſe the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuſe eternal love
Whence all our bleſſings flow!

2. To what a ſtubborn frame
Has ſin reduc'd our mind!
What ſtrange rebellious wretches we,
And God as ſtrangely kind!

[3. On us he bids the ſun
Shed his reviving rays,
For us the ſkies their circles run
To lengthen out our days.

4. The brutes obey their God
And bow their necks to men,
But we more baſe more brutiſh things
Reject his eaſy reign.]

5. Turn, turn us mighty God!
And mould our ſouls afreſh;
Break, Sov'reign Grace, theſe hearts of ſtone
And give us hearts of fleſh.

6. Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall
Let hourly thanks arise. 24

LXXV. *Spiritual and eternal joy, or, The beatifick sight of Christ.*

From thee my God my joys shall rise
And run eternal rounds
Beyond the limits of the skies
And all created bounds. 4

2. The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind
And fly beyond the grave. 8

3. There where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
I 'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise. 12

4. Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I 'll adore
The glories of thy love. 16

[5. Sweet Jesus! ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring. 20

6. Haſte my Beloved! fetch my ſoul
Up to thy bleſt abode,
Fly, for my ſpirit longs to ſee
My Saviour and my God.]

LXXVI. *The reſurrection and aſcenſion of Chriſt.*

Hosanna to the Prince of light
That cloth'd himſelf in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death
And tore the bars away.

2. Death is no more the king of dread
Since our Emanuel roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away
And ſpoil'd our helliſh foes.

3. See how the Conq'ror mounts aloft
And to his Father flies,
With ſcars of honour in his fleſh
And triumph in his eyes.

4. There our exalted Saviour reigns
And ſcatters bleſſings down,
Our Jeſus fills the middle ſeat
Of the celeſtial throne.

[5. Raiſe your devotion mortal tongues
To reach his bleſt abode;
Sweet be the accents of your ſongs
To our incarnate God.

6. Bright angels ſtrike your loudeſt ſtrings,
Your ſweeteſt voices raiſe,
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Emanuel's praiſe.

LXXVII. *The Chriſtian warfare.*

STAND up my ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
And gird the goſpel armour on,
March to the gates of endleſs joy
Where thy great Captain Saviour 's gone.

2. Hell and thy ſins reſiſt thy courſe,
But hell and ſin are vanquiſh'd foes,
Thy Jeſus nail'd them to the croſs,
And ſung the triumph when he roſe.

3. What tho' the prince of darkneſs rage
And waſte the fury of his ſpite?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endleſs night.

4. What tho' thine inward luſts rebel?
'Tis but a ſtruggling gaſp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall ſlay thy ſins and end the ſtrife.

5. Then let my ſoul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heav'nly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conq'rors wait.

6. There ſhall I wear a ſtarry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the ſkies
Join in my glorious Leader's praiſe. 24

LXXVIII. *Redemption by Chriſt.*

When the firſt parents of our race
Rebell'd and loſt their God,
And the infection of their ſin
Had tainted all our blood, 4

2. Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the Eternal Son,
Deſcending from the heav'nly court
He left his Father's throne. 8

3. Aſide the Prince of glory threw
His moſt divine array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferiour clay. 12

4. His living pow'r and dying love
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again. 16

5. To thee dear Lord our fleſh and ſoul
We joyfully reſign:
Bleſs'd Jeſus! take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine. 20

6. Thine honour ſhall for ever be
The bus'neſs of our days,
For ever ſhall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deſerved praiſe. 24

LXXIX. *Praiſe to the Redeemer.*

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark deſpair
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day. 4

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief,
He ſaw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief. 8

3. Down from the ſhining ſeats above
With joyful haſte he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead. 12

4. He ſpoil'd the pow'rs of darkneſs thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jeſus has freed our captive ſouls
From everlaſting pains. 16

[5. In vain the baffled prince of hell
His curſed projects tries;
We that were doom'd his endleſs ſlaves
Are rais'd above the ſkies.] 20

6. O for this love! let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

[7. Yes, we will praise thee dearest Lord!
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.

8. Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.]

LXXX. *God's awful power and goodness.*

Oh! the almighty Lord,
How matchless is his pow'r!
Tremble O earth beneath his word,
While all the heav'ns adore!

2. Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne!
Crouch to his feet ye haughty things!
Or he shall tread you down.

3. Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

4. Yet everlasting God!
We love to speak thy praise,
Thy sceptre 's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

5. The arms of mighty love
Defend our Sion well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.

6. Salvation to the King
That sits enthron'd above!
Thus we adore the God of might
And bless the God of love.

LXXXI. *Our sin the cause of Christ's death.*

And now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
Oh the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murd'rous things they be!

2. Were these the traitors dearest Lord
That thy fair body tore!
Monsters that stain'd those heav'nly limbs
With floods of purple gore!

3. Was it for crimes that I had done
My dearest Lord was slain!
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?

4. Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace!
I 'll wound my God no more:
Hence from my heart ye ſins be gone,
For Jeſus I adore. 16

5. Furniſh me Lord with heav'nly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I 'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling ſin. 20

LXXXII. *Redemption and protection from ſpiritual enemies.*

Arise my ſoul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God,
Awake my voice and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad. 4

2. He rais'd me from the deeps of ſin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my ſtanding more ſecure
Than 't was before I fell. 8

3. The arms of everlaſting Love
Beneath my ſoul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of ages ſet
My ſlipp'ry footſteps faſt. 12

4. The city of my bleſs'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark ſtands
To ſhield the ſacred place. 16

5. Satan may vent his sharpest spite
And all his legions roar,
Almighty mercy guards my life
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6. Arise my soul, awake my voice,
And tunes of pleasures sing,
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

LXXXIII. *The passion and exaltation of Christ.*

Thus saith the Ruler of the skies
"Awake my dreadful sword,
"Awake my wrath and smite the Man,
"My Fellow," saith the Lord.

2. Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed down she flies,
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head and dies.

3. But oh! the wisdom and the grace
That join'd with vengeance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.

4. A person so divine was he
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away
And take his life again.

5. Live, glorious Lord! and reign on high,
Let ev'ry nation ſing,
And angels ſound with endleſs joy
The Saviour and the King.

LXXXIV. *The ſame.*

Come all harmonious tongues
Your nobleſt muſick bring,
'Tis Chriſt the everlaſting God
And Chriſt the Man we ſing.

2. Tell how he took our fleſh
To take away our guilt,
Sing the dear drops of ſacred blood
That helliſh monſters ſpilt.

[3. Alas! the cruel ſpear
Went deep into his ſide,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]

[4. The waves of ſwelling grief
Did o'er his boſom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his ſoul.]

5. Down to the ſhades of death
He bow'd his awful head,
Yet he aroſe to live and reign
When death itſelf is dead.

6. No more the bloody ſpear,
The croſs and nails no more,
For hell itſelf ſhakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

7. There the Redeemer ſits
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by
And ſmiles upon his Son.

8. There his full glories ſhine
With uncreated rays,
And bleſs his ſaints' and angels' eyes
To everlaſting days.

LXXXV. *Sufficiency of pardon.*

Why does your face ye humble ſouls
Thoſe mournful colours wear?
What doubts are theſe that waſte your faith
And nouriſh your deſpair?

2. What tho' your num'rous ſins exceed
The ſtars that fill the ſkies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne
Like pointed mountains riſe?

3. What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation ſwell,
And as its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?

4. See here an endleſs ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The ſacred flood increaſe:

5. It riſes high and drowns the hills,
It has neither ſhore nor bound;
Now if we ſearch to find our ſins
Our ſins can ne'er be found.

6. Awake our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood that ſwells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

LXXXVI. *Freedom from ſin and miſery in heaven.*

Our ſins alas! how ſtrong they be?
And like a violent ſea
They break our duty Lord to thee,
And hurry us away.

2. The waves of trouble how they riſe!
How loud the tempeſts roar!
But death ſhall land our weary ſouls
Safe on the heav'nly ſhore.

3. There to fulfil his ſweet commands
Our ſpeedy feet ſhall move;
No ſin ſhall clog our winged zeal
Or cool our burning love.

4. There ſhall we ſit, and ſing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts
And ſmile in ev'ry face.

5. For ever his dear ſacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jeſus and ſalvation be
The cloſe of ev'ry ſong.

LXXXVII. *The divine glories above our reaſon.*

How wondrous great, how glorious bright,
Muſt our Creator be
Who dwells amidſt the dazzling light
Of vaſt infinity!

2. Our ſoaring ſpirits upwards riſe
Tow'rd the celeſtial throne:
Fain would we ſee the bleſſed Three
And the almighty One.

3. Our reaſon ſtretches all its wings
And climbs above the ſkies,
But ſtill how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reaſon lies!

[4. Lord! here we bend our humble ſouls
And awfully adore,
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can ſtretch a thought no more.]

5. Thy glories infinitely riſe
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the higheſt ſeraph tries
To form an equal ſong.

[6. In humble notes our faith adores
The great myſterious King,
While angels ſtrain their nobler pow'rs
And ſweep th' immortal ſtring.]

LXXXVIII. *Salvation.*

Salvation! O the joyful ſound!
'Tis pleaſure to our ears,
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2. Bury'd in ſorrow and in ſin
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we ariſe by grace divine
To ſee a heav'nly day.

3. Salvation! Let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.

LXXXIX. *Chriſt's victory over Satan.*

Hosanna to our conq'ring King!
The prince of darkneſs flies,
His troops ruſh headlong down to hell
Like lightning from the ſkies:

2. There bound in chains the lions roar
And fright the refcu'd fheep,
But heavy bars confine their pow'r
And malice to the deep. 8

3. Hofanna to our conq'ring King!
All hail incarnate Love!
Ten thoufand fongs and glories wait
To crown thy head above. 12

4. Thy vict'ries and thy deathlefs fame
Thro' the wide world fhall run,
And everlafting ages fing
The triumphs thou haft won. 16

XC. *Faith in Chrift for pardon and fanctification.*

How fad our ftate by nature is!
Our fin how deep it ftains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Faft in his flavifh chains. 4

2. But there 's a voice of fov'reign grace
Sounds from the facred word;
"Ho! ye defpairing finners come
"And truft upon the Lord." 8

3. My foul obeys th' almighty call
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promife Lord!
Oh! help my unbelief. 12

[4. To the dear fountain of thy blood
Incarnate God I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5. Stretch out thine arm victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue,
Drive the old Dragon from his seat
With all his hellish crew.]

6. A guilty, weak, and helpless, worm
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

XCI. *The glory of Christ in heaven.*

O! the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2. Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

[3. Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down,
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs, rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4. Archangels ſound his lofty praiſe
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet,
And lay their higheſt honours down
[Submiſſive at his feet.]

5. Thoſe ſoft thoſe bleſſed feet of his
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they ſtand,
And all the ſaints adore.

6. His head, the dear majeſtick head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories ſhine
And circle it around!

7. This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unſeen adore,
But when our eyes behold his face
Our hearts ſhall love him more.

[8. Lord! how our ſouls are all on fire
To ſee thy bleſs'd abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praiſe
To our incarnate God!]

9. And while our faith enjoys this ſight
We long to leave our clay,
And wiſh thy fiery chariots Lord
To fetch our ſouls away.

XCII. *The church saved and her enemies disappointed.*

Compoſed the 5th of November 1694.

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Thro' the whole nation run,
Ye Britiſh ſkies reſound the noiſe
Beyond the riſing ſun. 4

2. Thee mighty God! our ſouls admire,
Thee our glad voices ſing,
And join with the celeſtial choir
To praiſe th' Eternal King. 8

3. Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And on the ſtarry ſkies
Sits ſmiling at the weak deſigns
Thine envious foes deviſe. 12

4. Thy ſcorn derides their feeble rage,
And with an awful frown
Flings vaſt confuſion on their plots,
And ſhakes their Babel down. 16

[5. Their ſecret fires in caverns lay,
And we the ſacrifice,
But gloomy caverns ſtrove in vain
To 'ſcape allſearching eyes. 20

6. Their dark deſigns were all reveal'd,
Their treaſons all betray'd;
Praiſe to the Lord that broke the ſnare
Their curſed hands had laid.] 24

7. In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try,
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away and die. 28

8. Almighty Grace defends our land
From their malicious pow'rs;
Let Britain with united songs
Almighty Grace adore. 32

XCIII. *God all and in all*, Psal. lxxiii. 25.

Mr God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all. 4

[2. Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart 't is hell.] 8

[3. The smilings of thy face
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.] 12

[4. To thee and thee alone
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne
And dwell where Jesus is.] 16

[5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place
If God his residence remove
Or but conceal his face.]

6. Nor earth nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence Lord.

7. Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

[8. To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus raise me higher.]

XCIV. *God my only happiness*, Psal. lxxiii. 25.

My God! my portion and my love,
My everlasting All,
I 've none but thee in heav'n above
Or on this earthly ball.

[2. What empty things are all the skies
And this inferiour clod?
There 's nothing here deserves my joys,
There 's nothing like my God.]

[3. In vain the bright the burning ſun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy ſweet beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw 't is night.

4. And whilſt upon my reſtleſs bed
Amongſt the ſhades I roll,
If my Redeemer ſhows his head
'Tis morning with my ſoul.]

5. To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and ſafe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6. How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what 's my ſafety or my health,
Or all my friends to me!

7. Were I poſſeſſor of the earth,
And call'd the ſtars my own,
Without thy graces and thyſelf
I were a wretch undone.

8. Let others ſtretch their arms like ſeas
And graſp in all the ſhore,
Grant me the viſits of thy face
And I deſire no more.

XCV. *Look on him whom they pierced and mourn.*

Infinite grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord:
Hell and the Jews conſpir'd his death
And us'd the Roman ſword.

2. Oh! the ſharp pangs of ſmarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and ragged thorns
His ſacred body tore!

3. But knotty whips and ragged thorns
In vain do I accuſe,
In vain I blame the Roman bands
And the more ſpiteful Jews.

4. 'Twere you my ſins, my cruel ſins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the ſpear.

5. 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltleſs head:
Break, break my heart, oh! burſt mine eyes,
And let my ſorrows bleed.

6. Strike mighty Grace my flinty ſoul
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undiſſembled wo.

XCVI. *Diſtinguiſhing love*, or, *Angels puniſhed and man ſaved.*

Down headlong from the native ſkies
The rebel angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Purſu'd them deep to hell.

2. Down from the top of earthly bliſs
Rebellious man was hurl'd,
And Jeſus ſtoop'd beneath the grave
To reach a ſinking world.

3. Oh! love of infinite degrees!
Unmeaſurable grace!
Muſt Heav'n's eternal Darling die
To ſave a trait'rous race!

4. Muſt angels ſink for ever down
And burn in quenchleſs fire,
While God forſakes his ſhining throne
To raiſe us wretches higher!

5. Oh! for this love let earth and ſkies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs ſing.

XCVII. *The ſame.*

From heav'n the ſinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkneſs chain'd them down,
But man, vile man, forſook his bliſs,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

2. Amazing work of ſov'reign grace
That could diſtinguiſh rebels ſo!
Our guilty treaſons call'd aloud
For everlaſting fetters too.

3. To thee, to thee almighty Love,
Our ſouls, our ſelves, our all, we pay;
Millions of tongues ſhall ſound thy praiſe
On the bright hills of heav'nly day. 12

XCVIII. *Hardneſs of heart complained of.*

My heart how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breaſt,
Juſt like a rock of ice! 4

2. Sin like a raging tyrant ſits
Upon this flinty throne,
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of ſtone. 8

3. How ſeldom do I riſe to God,
Or taſte the joys above?
This mountain preſſes down my faith
And chills my flaming love. 12

4. When ſmiling mercy courts my ſoul
With all its heav'nly charms,
This ſtubborn this relentleſs thing
Would thruſt it from my arms. 16

5. Againſt the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have ſtood;
My heart it ſhakes not at the wrath
And terrours of a God. 20

6. Dear Saviour! ſteep this rock of mine
In thine own crimſon ſea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

XCIX. *The book of God's decrees.*

Let the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God:
Whate'er his ſov'reign voice has form'd
He governs with a nod.

[2. Ten thouſand ages ere the ſkies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood preſent to his thought.

3. There 's not a ſparrow or a worm
But 's found in his decrees;
He raiſes monarchs to their throne,
And ſinks them as he pleaſe.]

4. If light attends the courſe I run
'Tis he provides thoſe rays,
And 't is his hand that hides my ſun
If darkneſs cloud my days.

5. Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to ſee
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6. When he reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongſt the choſen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb!

C. *The preſence of Chriſt is the life of my ſoul.*

How full of anguiſh is the thought,
How it diſtracts and tears my heart,
If God at laſt, my ſov'reign Judge,
Should frown and bid my ſoul depart!

2. Lord! when I quit this earthly ſtage
Where ſhall I fly but to thy breaſt?
For I have ſought no other home,
For I have learn'd no other reſt.

3. I cannot live contented here
Without ſome glimpſes of thy face;
And heav'n without thy preſence there
Will be a dark and tireſome place.

4. When earthly cares engroſs the day
And hold my thoughts aſide from thee,
The ſhining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5. And if no ev'ning viſit's paid
Between my Saviour and my ſoul,
How dull the night! how ſad the ſhade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6. This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood,
To breathe when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

[7. Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize,
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

8. The strings that twine about my heart
Tortures and racks may tear them off,
But they can never never part
With their dear hold of Christ my love.]

[9. My God! and can a humble child
That loves thee with a flame so high
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?

10. Impossible!——For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee,
And in thy book the promise stands
That where thou art thy friends must be.]

CI. *The world's three chief temptations.*

When in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too!

[2. Honour 's a puff of noiſy breath,
Yet men expoſe their blood,
And venture everlaſting death
To gain that airy good.

3. Whilſt others ſtarve the nobler mind
And feed on ſhining duſt,
They rob the ſerpent of his food
T' indulge a fordid luſt.]

4. The pleaſures that allure our ſenſe
Are dang'rous ſnares to ſouls;
There 's but a drop of flatt'ring ſweet,
And daſh'd with bitter bowls.

5. God is mine allſufficient good,
My portion and my choice,
In him my vaſt deſires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

6. In vain the world accoſts my ear
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliſs ſo dear
Nor part with heav'n for you.

CII. *A happy reſurrection.*

No, I 'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gaſp reſign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
Theſe dying with'ring limbs of mine.

2. Let worms devour my waſting fleſh,
And crumble all my bones to duſt,
My God ſhall raiſe my frame anew
At the revival of the juſt.

3. Break ſacred morning thro' the ſkies,
Bring that delightful dreadful day,
Cut ſhort the hours dear Lord and come,
Thy ling'ring wheels how long they ſtay!

[4. Our weary ſpirits faint to ſee
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of thoſe lips
Where God has ſhed his richeſt grace.]

[5. Haſte then upon the wings of love,
Rouſe all the pious ſleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And ſing the triumph of the day.]

CIII. *Chriſt's commiſſion*, John iii. 16, 17.

Come happy ſouls approach your God
With new melodious ſongs,
Come render to almighty grace
The tributes of your tongues.

2. So ſtrange ſo boundleſs was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father ſent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3. Thy hands dear Jeſus were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commiſſion to perform
The vengeance of a God;
4. But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forſook the throne,
When Chriſt on the kind errand came
And brought ſalvation down.
5. Here ſinners you may heal your wounds
And wipe your ſorrows dry;
Truſt in the mighty Saviour's name
And you ſhall never die.
6. See deareſt Lord our willing ſouls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bleſs the great Redeemer's love
And give the Father praiſe.

CIV. *The ſame.*

Raise your triumphant ſongs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth reſound the deeds
Celeſtial grace has done.
2. Sing how eternal love
Its chief-beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our wretched race
From their abyſs of woes.

3. His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terrour clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4. 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5. Now sinners dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease,
Bow to the sceptre of his love
And take the offer'd peace.

6. Lord! we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

CV. *Repentance flowing from the patience of God.*

And are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless 't is amazing love
That bears us up from hell!

2. The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames,
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above
To crush our feeble frames.

3. Almighty Goodneſs cries "Forbear,"
And ſtraight the thunder ſtays,
And dare we now provoke his wrath
And weary out his grace?

4. Lord! we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our ſin,
Our aking hearts e'en bleed to ſee
What rebels we have been.

5. No more ye luſts ſhall ye command,
No more will we obey,
Stretch out O God thy conq'ring hand
And drive thy foes away.

CVI. *Repentance at the croſs.*

Oh! if my ſoul was form'd for wo
How would I vent my ſighs!
Repentance ſhould like rivers flow
From both my ſtreaming eyes.

2. 'Twas for my ſins my deareſt Lord
Hung on the curſed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee my ſoul, for thee.

3. Oh! how I hate thoſe luſts of mine
That crucify'd my God!
Thoſe ſins that pierc'd and nail'd his fleſh
Faſt to the fatal wood!

4. Yes, my Redeemer! they ſhall die,
My heart has ſo decreed,
Nor will I ſpare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5. Whilſt with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I 'll raiſe revenge againſt my ſins
And ſlay the murd'rers too.

CVII. *The everlaſting abſence of God intolerable.*

That awful day will ſurely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haſte,
When I muſt ſtand before my Judge
And paſs the ſolemn teſt.

2. Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear the voice
Pronounce the ſound "Depart?"

[3. The thunder of that diſmal word
Would ſo torment my ear,
'Twould tear my ſoul aſunder Lord
With moſt tormenting fear.]

[4. What? to be baniſh'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!]

5. O wretched ſtate of deep deſpair
To ſee my God remove,
And fix my doleful ſtation where
I muſt not taſte his love!

6. Jeſus! I throw my arms around
And hang upon thy breaſt;
Without a gracious ſmile from thee
My ſpirit cannot reſt.

7. O tell me that my worthleſs name
Is graven on thy hands,
Show me ſome promiſe in thy book
Where my ſalvation ſtands!

[8. Give me one kind aſſuring word
To ſink my fears again,
And cheerfully my ſoul ſhall wait
Her threeſcore years and ten.]

CVIII. *Acceſs to the throne of grace by a Mediator.*

Come let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And ſmile to ſee our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2. Once 't was a ſeat of dreadful wrath,
And ſhot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd "conſuming fire,"
And Vengeance was his name.

3. Rich were the drops of Jeſus' blood
That calm'd his frowning face,
That ſprinkled o'er the burning throne
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4. Now we may bow before his feet
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his ſeat
Nor double flaming ſword.

5. The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliſs
Are open'd by the Son,
High let us raiſe our notes of praiſe
And reach th' almighty throne.

6. To thee ten thouſand thanks we bring
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to th' Eternal King
That lays his fury by.

CIX. *The darkneſs of Providence.*

Lord! we adore thy vaſt deſigns;
Th' obſcure abyſs of Providence
Too deep to ſound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble ſenſe.

2. Now thou array'ſt thine awful face
In angry frowns without a ſmile,
We thro' the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compaſſion ſtill.

3. Thro' ſeas and ſtorms of deep diſtreſs
We ſail by faith and not by ſight;
Faith guides us in the wilderneſs
Thro' all the briers and the night.

4. Dear Father! if thy lifted rod
Reſolve to ſcourge us here below,
Still we muſt lean upon our God,
Thine arm ſhall bear us ſafely thro'.

CX. *Triumph over death in hope of the reſurrection.*

And muſt this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And muſt theſe active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2. Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this fleſh,
Till my triumphant ſpirit comes
To put it on afreſh.

3. God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the ſkies
Looks down and watches all my duſt
Till he ſhall bid it riſe.

4. Array'd in glorious grace
Shall theſe vile bodies ſhine,
And ev'ry ſhape and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.

5. Theſe lively hopes we owe
To Jeſus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below
And ſing his pow'r above.

6. Dear Lord! accept the praiſe
Of theſe our humble ſongs,
Till tunes of nobler ſound we raiſe
With our immortal tongues.

CXI. *Thankſgiving for victory*, or, *God's dominion and our deliverance.*

Sion rejoice and Judah ſing,
The Lord aſſumes his throne,
Let Britain own the heav'nly King
And make his glories known.

2. The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high ſeats are hurl'd,
Jehovah rides upon a cloud
And thunders thro' the world.

3. He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Diſtributes mortal crowns,
Empires are fix'd beneath his ſmiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4. Navies that rule the ocean wide
Are vanquiſh'd by his breath,
And legions arm'd with pow'r and pride
Deſcend to wat'ry death.

5. Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

[6. Long may the King our Sov'reign live
To rule us by his word,
And all the honours he can give
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

CXII. *Angels miniſtering to Chriſt and ſaints.*

Great God! to what a glorious height
Haſt thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son?
Angels in all their robes of light
Are made the ſervants of his throne.

2. Before his feet their armies wait,
And ſwift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of ſtate
In works of vengeance or of love.

3. His orders run thro' all their hoſts,
Legions deſcend at his command
To ſhield and guard the Britiſh coaſts
When foreign rage invades our land.

4. Now they are ſent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Thro' all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road.

5. Lord! when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou ſhalt bid me riſe and come,
Send a beloved angel down
Safe to conduct my ſpirit home.

CXIII. *The ſame.*

The majeſty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold!
The ſervants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry and the gold.

2. But mighty God! thy palace ſhines
With far ſuperiour beams,
Thine angel-guards are ſwift as winds,
Thy miniſters are flames.

[3. Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on this earth,
A ſhining army downward fled
To celebrate his birth.

4. And when oppreſs'd with pains and fears
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heav'nly form appears
T' allay his agonies.]

5. Now to the hands of Chriſt our King
Are all their legions giv'n;
They wait upon his ſaints and bring
His choſen heirs to heav'n.

6. Pleaſure and praiſe run thro' their hoſt
To ſee a ſinner turn,
Then Satan has a captive loſt
And Chriſt a ſubject born.

7. But there 's an hour of brighter joy
When he his angels ſends
Obſtinate rebels to deſtroy,
And gather in his friends.

8. O could I ſay without a doubt
There ſhall my ſoul be found,
Then let the great archangel ſhout
And the laſt trumpet ſound.

CXIV. *Chriſt's death, victory, and dominion.*

I Sing my Saviour's wondrous death,
He conquer'd when he fell:
" Tis finiſh'd," ſaid his dying breath,
And ſhook the gates of hell.

2. " Tis finiſh'd," our Emanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence ſhall his ſov'reign throne ariſe,
His kingdom is begun.

3. His croſs a ſure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead
He paſs'd to reach the crown.

4. Exalted at his Father's ſide
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5. The ſaints from his propitious eye
Await their ſev'ral crowns,
And all the ſons of darkneſs fly
The terrour of his frowns.

CXV. *God the avenger of his ſaints*, or, *His kingdom ſupreme.*

HIGH as the heav'ns above the ground
Reigns the Creator God,
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.

2. Let princes of exalted ſtate
To him aſcribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And caſt their glories down.

3. Know that his kingdom is ſupreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye muſt die like men.

4. Then let the ſov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the juſt;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to duſt.

5. Ye judges of the earth be wise
And think of heav'n with fear;
The meaneſt ſaint that you deſpiſe
Has an avenger there.

CXVI. *Mercies and thanks.*

How can I ſink with ſuch a prop
As my Eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up
And ſpreads the heav'ns abroad?

2. How can I die while Jeſus lives,
Who roſe and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my ſoul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3. All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give
My cheerful hands reſign.

4. Yet if I might make ſome reſerve
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal ſo great
That I ſhould give him all.

CXVII. *Living and dying with God preſent.*

I Cannot bear this abſence Lord;
My life expires if thou depart:
Be thou my heart ſtill near my God,
And thou my God be near my heart.

2. I was not born for earth and ſin,
Nor can I live on things ſo vile,
Yet I will ſtay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heav'n a while. 8

3. Then deareſt Lord in thine embrace
Let me reſign my fleeting breath,
And with a ſmile upon my face
Paſs the important hour of death. 12

CXVIII. *The Prieſthood of Chriſt.*

Blood has a voice to pierce the ſkies,
"Revenge" the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear ſtream when Chriſt was ſlain
Speaks "Peace" as loud from ev'ry vein. 4

2. Pardon and peace from God on high,
Behold he lays his vengeance by,
And rebels that deſerve his ſword
Become the fav'rites of the Lord. 8

3. To Jeſus let our praiſes riſe
Who gave his life a ſacrifice;
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood. 12

CXIX. *The holy Scriptures.*

Laden with guilt and full of fears
I fly to thee my Lord,
And not a glimpſe of hope appears
But in thy written word. 4

2. The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs aſſuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almoſt in ev'ry page.

[3. This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown:
That merchant is divinely wiſe
Who makes the pearl his own.

4. Here conſecrated water flows
To quench my thirſt of ſin,
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.]

5. This is the Judge that ends the ſtrife
Where wit and reaſon fail,
My Guide to everlaſting life
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

6. O may thy counſels mighty God!
My roving feet command,
Nor I forſake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

CXX. *The law and goſpel joined in ſcripture.*

The Lord declares his will
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidſt the ſmoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.

2. The Lord reveals his face,
And ſmiling from above
Sends down the goſpel of his grace,
Th' epiſtles of his love.

3. Theſe ſacred words impart
Our Maker's juſt commands,
The pity of his melting heart
And vengeance of his hands.

[4. Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence,
The arms of grace are treaſur'd here,
And armour of defence.

5. We learn Chriſt crucify'd,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beſide
Will do us little good.]

6. We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the ſtatutes of the Lord,
And truſt his promiſes.

7. In vain ſhall Satan rage
Againſt a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page
Where beams of mercy ſhine.

CXXI. *The law and goſpel diſtinguiſhed.*

The law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe,
But 't is the goſpel muſt reveal
Where lies our ſtrength to do his will.

2. The law diſcovers guilt and ſin,
And ſhows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the goſpel can expreſs
Forgiving love and cleanſing grace. 8

3. What curſes doth the law denounce
Againſt the man that fails but once?
But in the goſpel Chriſt appears
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years. 12

4. My ſoul! no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the goſpel gives:
The man that truſts the promiſe lives. 16

CXXII. *Retirement and meditation.*

My God! permit me not to be
A ſtranger to myſelf and thee;
Amidſt a thouſand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my higheſt love. 4

2. Why ſhould my paſſions mix with earth
And thus debaſe my heav'nly birth?
Why ſhould I cleave to things below
And let my God my Saviour go? 8

3. Call me away from fleſh and ſenſe,
One ſov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferiour joys reſign. 12

4. Be earth with all her ſcenes withdrawn,
Let noiſe and vanity be gone:
In ſecret ſilence of the mind
My heav'n and there my God I find.

CXXIII. *The benefit of publick ordinances.*

Away from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth our ſoul's retreat,
We leave this worthleſs world afar,
And wait and worſhip near thy ſeat.

2. Lord! in the temple of thy grace
We ſee thy feet and we adore,
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

3. While here our various wants we mourn
United groans aſcend on high,
And prayer bears a quick return
Of bleſſings in variety.

[4. If Satan rage and ſin grow ſtrong
Here we receive ſome cheering word,
We gird the goſpel armour on
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5. Or if our ſpirit faints and dies,
(Our conſcience gall'd with inward ſtings)
Here doth the righteous Sun ariſe
With healing beams beneath his wings.]

6. Father! my ſoul would ſtill abide
Within thy temple, near thy ſide,
But if my feet muſt hence depart
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

CXXIV. *Moſes, Aaron, and Joſhua.*

'Tis not the law of ten commands
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or ſent to men by Moſes' hands,
Can bring us ſafe to heav'n.

2. 'Tis not the blood which Aaron ſpilt,
Nor ſmoke of ſweeteſt ſmell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or ſave our ſouls from hell.

3. Aaron the prieſt reſigns his breath
At God's immediate will,
And in the deſert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

4. And thus on Jordan's yonder ſide
The tribes of Iſrael ſtand,
While Moſes bow'd his head and dy'd
Short of the promis'd land.

5. Iſrael rejoice! now Joſhua † leads,
He 'll bring your tribes to reſt;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the prieſt.

† Joſhua the ſame with Jeſus, and ſignifies a Saviour.

CXXV. *Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.*

LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n
To ſouls that mourn the ſins they 'ave done,
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2. Wo to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The ſtubborn ſin of unbelief.

3. The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies,
He ſeals the curſe on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

CXXVI. *God glorified in the goſpel.*

THE Lord deſcending from above
Invites his children near,
While pow'r, and truth, and boundleſs love,
Diſplay their glories here.

2. Here in thy goſpel's wondrous frame
Freſh wiſdom we purſue,
A thouſand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3. Thy name is writ in faireſt lines,
Thy wonders here we trace,
Wiſdom thro' all the myſt'ry ſhines,
And ſhines in Jeſus' face.

4. The law its beſt obedience owes
To our incarnate God,
And thy revenging juſtice ſhows
Its honours in his blood.

5. But ſtill the luſtre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole ſcene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

CXXVII. *Circumciſion and baptiſm.*

(Written only for thoſe who practiſe the baptiſm of infants.)

Thus did the ſons of Abra'm paſs
Under the bloody ſeal of grace;
The young diſciples bore the yoke
Till Chriſt the painful bondage broke.

2. By milder ways doth Jeſus prove
His Father's cov'nant and his love;
He ſeals to ſaints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3. Their ſeed is ſprinkled with his blood,
Their children ſet apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring ſhed
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4. Let ev'ry ſaint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abra'm praiſe.

CXXVIII. *Corrupt nature from Adam.*

Bless'd with the joys of innocence
Adam our father ſtood,
Till he debas'd his ſoul to ſenſe
And ate th' unlawful food. 4

2. Now we are born a ſenſual race,
To ſinful joys inclin'd;
Reaſon has loſt its native place,
And fleſh enſlaves the mind. 8

3. While fleſh, and ſenſe, and paſſion, reigns
Sin is the ſweeteſt good;
We fancy muſick in our chains
And ſo forget the load. 12

4. Great God! renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken pow'rs reſtore,
Inſpire us with a heav'nly flame,
And fleſh ſhall reign no more. 16

5. Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the ſecond Adam draw
His image on our hearts. 20

CXXIX. *We walk by faith not by ſight.*

'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deſerts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide and faith our light. 4

2. The want of light and well-supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear,
Far into distant worlds the pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3. Cheerful we tread the desert thro'
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Tho' lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4. So Abra'm by divine command
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

CXXX. *The new creation.*

Attend while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew:
"Behold I sit upon the throne
"Creating all things new!

2. "Nature and sin are pass'd away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay,
"See the new world arise.

3. "I'll be a Sun of righteousness
"To the new heav'ns I make;
"None but the newborn heirs of grace
"My glories shall partake."

4. Mighty Redeemer! ſet me free
From my old ſtate of ſin,
Oh make my ſoul alive to thee!
Create new pow'rs within:

5. Renew mine eyes and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afreſh,
Give me new paſſions, joys, and fears,
And turn the ſtone to fleſh.

6. Far from the regions of the dead,
From ſin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

CXXXI. *The excellency of the Chriſtian religion.*

Let everlaſting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord!
Thy hands have brought ſalvation down,
And writ the bleſſings in thy word.

[2. What if we trace the globe around,
And ſearch from Britain to Japan,
There ſhall be no religion found
So juſt to God, ſo ſafe for man.]

3. In vain the trembling conſcience ſeeks
Some ſolid ground to reſt upon;
With long deſpair the ſpirit breaks
Till we apply to Chriſt alone.

4. How well thy bleſſed truths agree!
How wiſe and holy thy commands!
Thy promiſes how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort ſtands!

[5. Not the feign'd fields of Heath'niſh bliſs
Could raiſe ſuch pleaſures in the mind,
Nor does the Turkiſh paradiſe
Pretend to joys ſo well refin'd.]

6. Should all the forms that men deviſe
Aſſault my faith with treach'rous art,
I 'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the goſpel to my heart.

CXXXII. *The offices of Chriſt.*

We bleſs the Prophet of the Lord
That comes with truth and grace;
Jeſus! thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2. We rev'rence our High Prieſt above
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love
By pleading with our God.

3. We honour our exalted King;
How ſweet are his commands!
He guards our ſouls from hell and ſin
By his almighty hands.

4. Hosanna to his glorious name
Who saves by diff'rent ways;
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise. 16

CXXXIII. *The operations of the holy Spirit.*

Eternal Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son. 4

2. Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too. 8

3. Thy pow'r and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning sin,
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew. 12

4. The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys,
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind. 16

CXXXIV. *Circumcision abolished.*

The promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace,
"I will the God of Abra'm be,
"And of his num'rous race." 4

2. He said, and with a bloody seal
Confirm'd the words he spoke;
Long did the sons of Abra'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke. 8

3. Till God's own Son descending low
Gave his own flesh to bleed,
And Gentiles taste the blessings now
From the hard bondage freed. 12

4. The God of Abra'm claims our praise,
His promises endure,
And Christ the Lord in gentler ways
Makes the salvation sure. 16

CXXXV. *Types and prophecies of Christ.*

Behold the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superiour room! 4

2. Abra'm the saint rejoic'd of old
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses the man of God foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law. 8

3. The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design and ceas'd;
The incense and the bleeding Lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest. 12

4. Predictions in abundance meet
To join their bleſſings on his head;
Jeſus! we worſhip at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd Seed. 16

CXXXVI. *Miracles at the birth of Chriſt.*

The King of glory ſends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon
And heav'nly hoſts declare his birth! 4

2. About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown ſtar aroſe and led
The Eaſtern ſages to his feet. 8

3. Simeon and Anna both conſpire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the ſacred fire,
And bleſs'd the Babe and own'd his name. 12

4. Let Jews and Greeks blaſpheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with ſcorn,
Our ſouls adore th' Eternal God
Who condeſcended to be born. 16

CXXXVII. *Miracles in the life, death, and reſurrection, of Chriſt.*

Behold the blind their ſight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb ſpeak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart and bleſs his name! 4

2. Thus doth th' Eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3. He dies; the heav'ns in mourning stood;
He rises and appears a God:
Behold the Lord ascending high
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4. Hence and for ever from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart,
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

CXXXVIII. *The power of the gospel.*

This is the word of truth and love
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

2. This remedy did Wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sov'reign balm whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature man.

3. The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

[4. Where Satan reign'd in ſhades of night
The goſpel ſtrikes a heav'nly light,
Our luſts its wondrous pow'r controls,
And calms the rage of angry ſouls.]

[5. Lions and beaſts of ſavage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb,
While the wild world eſteems it ſtrange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change.]

6. May but this grace my ſoul renew,
Let ſinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that ſaves me doth engage
A ſure defence from all their rage.

CXXXIX. *The example of Chriſt.*

My dear Redeemer and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2. Such was thy truth and ſuch thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekneſs ſo divine,
I would tranſcribe and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witneſs'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The deſert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4. Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here,
Then God the Judge ſhall own my name
Amongſt the followers of the Lamb.

CXL. *The examples of Chriſt and the ſaints.*

Give me the wings of faith to riſe
Within the vail, and ſee
The ſaints above how great their joys
And bright their glories be.

2. Once they were mourning here below
And wet their couch with tears,
They wreſtled hard as we do now
With ſins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I aſk them whence their victory came?
They with united breath
Aſcribe their conqueſt to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4. They mark'd the footſteps that he trod,
(His zeal inſpir'd their breaſt)
And following their incarnate God
Poſſeſs the promis'd reſt.

5. Our glorious Leader claims our praiſe
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witneſſes
Show the ſame path to heav'n.

CXLI. *Faith assisted by sense, or, Preaching, baptism, and the Lord's supper.*

My Saviour God, my sov'reign Prince,
Reigns far above the skies,
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2. My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word;
My touch and taste shall do the same
When they receive the Lord.

3. Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace;
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place.

4. But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He 'll wash my soul from sin.

5. Not choicest meats or noblest wines
So much my heart refresh
As when my faith goes thro' the signs
And feeds upon his flesh.

6. I love the Lord that stoops so low
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figures still.

CXLII. *Faith in Christ our sacrifice.*

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2. But Christ the heav'nly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3. My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand
And there confess my sin.

4. My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5. Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

CXLIII. *Flesh and spirit.*

What diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts that work within
And do the works I hate.

2. Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign;
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again. 8

3. So darkness struggles with the light
Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies. 12

4. Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace,
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease. 16

CXLIV. *The effusion of the Spirit, or, The success of the gospel.*

Great was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met,
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame. 4

2. What gifts, what miracles, he gave!
And pow'r to kill and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords. 8

3. Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth
From east to west, from south to north:
"Go and assert your Saviour's cause,
"Go spread the myst'ry of his cross." 12

4. These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5. Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd,
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6. Great King of grace! my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

CXLV. *Sight through a glass, and face to face.*

I Love the windows of thy grace
Thro' which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face
Without a glass between.

2. O that the happy hour were come
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.

3. Haste my Beloved and remove
These interposing days,
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praise.

CXLVI. *The vanity of creatures*, or, *No rest on earth.*

MAN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires,
Toss'd to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2. In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torments still.

3. So when a raging fever burns
He shifts from side to side by turns,
And 't is a poor relief we gain
To change the place but keep the pain.

4. Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust,
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

CXLVII. *The creation of the world*, Gen. i.

"Now let a spacious world arise,"
Said the Creator Lord: at once
At once th' obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sov'reign word.

[2. Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light; the newborn day
Attends on his command.

3. He bids the clouds aſcend on high;
The clouds aſcend and bear
A wat'ry treaſure to the ſky,
And float on ſofter air.

4. The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand,
The rolling ſeas together flow
And leave the ſolid land.

5. With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bleſs the earth
Or ſun to warm the ground.

6. Then he adorn'd the upper ſkies;
Behold the ſun appears,
The moon and ſtars in order riſe
To mark out months and years.

7. Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fiſh of ev'ry name.]

8. He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth,
And gazing beaſts of various form
Roſe from the teeming earth.

9. Adam was fram'd of equal clay
Tho' ſov'reign of the reſt,
Deſign'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bleſt.

10. Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation ſtood;
He ſaw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11. Lord! while the frame of nature ſtands
Thy praiſe ſhall fill my tongue,
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted ſong.

CXLVIII. *God reconciled in Chriſt.*

Dearest of all the names above
My Jeſus and my God,
Who can reſiſt thy heav'nly love
Or trifle with thy blood?

2. 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father ſmiles again,
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3. Till God in human fleſh I ſee
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, juſt, and ſacred, Three
Are terrours to my mind.

4. But if Emanuel's face appear
My hope my joy begins;
His name forbids my ſlaviſh fear,
His grace removes my ſins.

5. While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

CXLIX. *Honour to magistrates*, or, *Government from God.*

ETERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy Majesty
Our first obedience owe.

2. Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence,
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

[3. The crowns of British princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation blest.]

4. Kingdoms on firm foundations stand
While virtue finds reward,
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.

5. Let Cesar's due be ever paid
To Cesar and his throne,
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

CL. *The deceitfulness of sin.*

Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2. With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young,
And while the heedless wretch believes
She makes his fetters strong.

3. She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence,
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4. So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

CLI. *Prophecy and inspiration.*

'Twas by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2. The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath
To save the holy words from death.

3. Great God! mine eyes with pleaſure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I ſee,
And read his name who dy'd for me. 12

4. Let the falſe raptures of the mind
Be loſt and vaniſh in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope ſecure;
This is thy word and muſt endure. 16

CLII. *Sinai and Sion*, Heb. xii. 18, &c.

Not to the terrours of the Lord
The tempeſt, fire, and ſmoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai ſpoke; 4

2. But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And ſpread his love abroad. 8

3. Behold th' innumerable hoſt
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the ſpirits of the juſt
Whoſe faith is turn'd to ſight! 12

4. Behold the bleſs'd aſſembly there
Whoſe names are writ in heav'n!
And God the Judge of all declares
Their vileſt ſins forgiv'n. 16

5. The ſaints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Chriſt their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6. In ſuch ſociety as this
My weary ſoul would reſt:
The man that dwells where Jeſus is
Muſt be for ever bleſt.

CLIII. *The diſtemper, folly, and madneſs, of ſin.*

Sin like a venomous diſeaſe
Infects our vital blood:
The only balm is ſov'reign grace,
And the phyſician God.

2. Our beauty and our ſtrength are fled,
And we draw near to death,
But Chriſt the Lord recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

3. Madneſs by nature reigns within,
The paſſions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son with ſkill divine
The inward fire aſſuage.

[4. We lick the duſt, we graſp the wind,
And ſolid good deſpiſe:
Such is the folly of the mind
Till Jeſus makes us wiſe.

5. We give our ſouls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And ruſh with fury down to hell,
But Heav'n prevents the fall.]

[6. The man poſſeſs'd amongſt the tombs
Cuts his own fleſh and cries;
He foams and raves till Jeſus comes,
And the foul ſpirit flies.]

CLIV. *Self-righteouſneſs inſufficient.*

"WHERE are the mourners (ſaith the Lord)
"That wait and tremble at my word*?
"That walk in darkneſs all the day?
"Come make my name your truſt and ſtay.

[2. "No works nor duties of your own
"Can for the ſmalleſt ſin atone;
"The robes that nature may provide
"Will not your leaſt pollutions hide†.

3. "The ſofteſt couch that nature knows
"Can give the conſcience no repoſe:
"Look to my righteouſneſs and live;
"Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4. "Ye ſons of pride that kindle coals
"With your own hands to warm your ſouls,
"Walk in the light of your own fire,
"Enjoy the ſparks that ye deſire.

* Iſa. l. 10, 11. † Iſa. xxviii. 20.

5. "This is your portion at my hands;
"Hell waits you with her iron bands;
"Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
"In death, in darkness, and despair.

CLV. *Christ our Passover.*

Lo! the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land!
The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

2. He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine,
He saw the blood on ev'ry door,
And blest'd the peaceful sign.

3. Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed
To break th' Egyptian yoke,
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

4. Lord! if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

5. Jesus our Passover was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain
And God's avenging sword.

CLVI. *Presumption and despair, or, Satan's various temptations.*

I Hate the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

2. He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fears,
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3. Now he persuades "how easy 't is
"To walk the road to heav'n;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

[4. He bids young sinners "yet forbear
"To think of God or death,
"For prayer and devotion are
"But melancholy breath."

5. He tells the aged "they must die,
"And 't is too late to pray;
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have lost their day."]

6. Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

7. Almighty God! cut short his pow'r,
Let him in darkness dwell,
And that he vex the earth no more
Confine him down to hell. 28

CLVII. *The same.*

Now Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy,
He worries whom he cann't devour
With a malicious joy. 4

2. Ye sons of God oppose his rage,
Resist and he 'll be gone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage,
And vanquish'd him alone. 8

3. Now he appears almost divine
Like innocence and love,
But the old Serpent lurks within
When he assumes the dove. 12

4. Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam fly;
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try. 16

CLVIII. *Few saved*, or, *The almost Christian, the hypocrite, and apostate.*

Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there,
But Wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.

2. "Deny thyself and take thy cross"
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature must count her gold but dross
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3. The fearful soul that tries and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4. Lord! let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new!
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

CLIX. *An unconverted state*, or, *Converting grace.*

[Great King of glory and of grace!
We own with humble shame
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our first father's name!]

2. From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poiſon reigns within,
Makes us averſe to all that 's good,
And willing ſlaves to ſin.

[3. Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace,
Engag'd in the old Serpent's cauſe
Againſt our Maker's face.]

4. We live eſtrang'd afar from God,
And love the diſtance well;
With haſte we run the dang'rous road
That leads to death and hell.

5. And can ſuch rebels be reſtor'd!
Such natures made divine!
Let ſinners ſee thy glory Lord,
And feel this pow'r of thine.

6. We raiſe our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit ſends
To bring rebellious ſtrangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

CLX. *Cuſtom in ſin.*

Let the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the ſpots that nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2. As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin,
The dead as well may leave their graves
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3. Where vice has held its empire long
'Twill not endure the least control:
None but a pow'r divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

4. Great God! I own thy pow'r divine
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

CLXI. *Christian virtues, or, The difficulty of conversion.*

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2. Beloved self must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.

[3. Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4. The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry ſenſe,
In ſweet ſubjection lie.]

5. The tongue, that moſt unruly pow'r,
Requires a ſtrong reſtraint;
We muſt be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray but never faint.

6. Lord! can a feeble helpleſs worm
Fulfil a taſk ſo hard!
Thy grace muſt all my work perform
And give the free reward.

CDXII. *Meditation of heaven, or, The joy of faith.*

My thoughts ſurmount theſe lower ſkies,
And look within the vail;
There ſprings of endleſs pleaſure riſe,
The waters never fail.

2. There I behold with ſweet delight
The bleſſed Three in One,
And ſtrong affections fix my ſight
On God's incarnate Son.

3. His promiſe ſtands for ever firm,
His grace ſhall ne'er depart,
He binds my name upon his arm,
And ſeals it on his heart.

4. Light are the pains that nature brings;
How ſhort our ſorrows are
When with eternal future things
The preſent we compare!

5. I would not be a ſtranger ſtill
To that celeſtial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

CLXIII. *Complaint of deſertion and temptations.*

Dear Lord! behold our ſore diſtreſs,
Our ſins attempt to reign,
Stretch out thine arm of conq'ring grace,
And let thy foes be ſlain.

[2. The lion with his dreadful roar
Affrights thy feeble ſheep,
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep.

3. Muſt we indulge a long deſpair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?]

4. If thou deſpiſe a mortal groan
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An Advocate ſo near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.

5. He brought the Spirit's pow'rful ſword
To ſlay our deadly foes;
Our ſins ſhall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppoſe.

6. How boundleſs is our Father's grace
In height, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteouſneſs,
His Spirit is our ſtrength.

CLXIV. *The end of the world.*

Why ſhould this earth delight us ſo?
Why ſhould we fix our eyes
On theſe low grounds where ſorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleaſure dies?

2. While Time his ſharpeſt teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the ſtars,
And joys above his pow'r.

3. Nature ſhall be diſſolv'd and die,
The ſun muſt end his race,
The earth and ſea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4. When will that glorious morning riſe
When the laſt trump ſhall ſound,
And call the nations to the ſkies
From underneath the ground?

CLXV. *Unfruitfulneſs, ignorance, and unſanctified affections.*

LONG have I ſat beneath the ſound
Of thy ſalvation Lord,
But ſtill how weak my faith is found
And knowledge of thy word!

2. Oft' I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almoſt in vain;
How ſmall a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

[3. My dear Almighty and my God!
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod
And bleſſings of thy throne!]

[4. How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]

5. Great God! thy ſov'reign pow'r impart
To give thy word ſucceſs;
Write thy ſalvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

[6. Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love ſhall never die.]

CI.XVI. *The divine perfections.*

How ſhall I praiſe th' Eternal God,
That Infinite unknown?
Who can aſcend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

[2. The great Inviſible! he dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light,
But his allſearching eye reveals
The ſecrets of the night.

3. Thoſe watchful eyes that never ſleep
Survey the world around;
His wiſdom is a boundleſs deep
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

[4. Speak we of ſtrength? his arm is ſtrong
To ſave or to deſtroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endleſs is his joy.]

[5. He knows no ſhadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promiſes.]

[6. Sinners before his preſence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealouſy
Burn like devouring flame.]

7. Juſtice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God,
While Mercy ſends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood. 28

8. Now to my ſoul immortal King!
Speak ſome forgiving word,
Then 't will be double joy to ſing
The glories of my Lord. 32

CLXVII. *The ſame.*

Great God! thy glories ſhall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy,
My lips in ſongs of honour bring
Their tribute to th' Eternal King. 4

[2. Earth and the ſtars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.] 8

[3. His ſov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he command who dares oppoſe?
With ſtrength he girds himſelf around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.] 12

[4. Who ſhall pretend to teach him ſkill,
Or guide the counſels of his will?
His wiſdom like a ſea divine
Flows deep and high beyond our line.] 16

[5. His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]

[6. The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]

[7. Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice with impartial hands
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre or the sword.]

[8. His mercy like a boundless sea
Washes our load of guilt away,
While his own Son came down and dy'd
T' engage his justice on our side.]

[9. Each of his words demands my faith;
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]

10. O tell me with a gentle voice
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice;
Fill'd with thy love I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

CLXVIII. *The same.*

JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2. His terrours keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3. Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4. And will the glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heav'n is secure if God be mine.

CLXIX. *The same as the* 148th *Psalm.*

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine
With beams so bright
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2. The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe,
His wrath and juſtice ſtand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love
Reſolves to bleſs
His truth confirms
And ſeals the grace.

3. Thro' all his ancient works
Surpriſing wiſdom ſhines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd deſigns.
Strong is his arm,
And ſhall fulfil
His great decrees,
His ſov'reign will.

4. And can this mighty King
Of glory condeſcend?
And will he write his name
"My Father and my Friend!"
I love his name,
I love his word;
Join all my pow'rs
And praiſe the Lord.

CLXX. *God incomprehensible and sovereign.*

[Can creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal uncreated Mind*?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?
2. 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.
3. But man, vain man, would fain be wise!
Born like a wild young colt he flies
Thro' all the follies of his mind,
And swells and snuffs the empty wind.]
4. God is a King of pow'r unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne:
If he resolve who dare oppose,
Or ask him why or what he does?
5. He wounds the heart, and he makes whole,
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When he shuts up in long despair
Who can remove the heavy bar?
6. He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon †:
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof ‡.

* Job xi. 7, &c. † Job xxv. 5. ‡ Job xxvi. 11, &c.

7. He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked ſerpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And ſmites the ſons of pride to death.

8. Theſe are a portion of his ways;
But who ſhall dare deſcribe his face?
Who can endure his light; or ſtand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK III.

PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I. *The Lord's Supper instituted*, 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

'Twas on that dark that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes. 4

2. Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake! 8

3. "This is my body broke for sin;
"Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood." 12

4. For us his flesh with nails was torn;
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead. 16

5. For us his vital blood was spilt
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When for black crimes of biggest size
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6. "Do this," he cry'd, "till time shall end,
"In mem'ry of your dying Friend:
"Meet at my table, and record
"The love of your departed Lord."

[7. Jesus! thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.]

II. *Communion with Christ and with saints*, 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

[Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2. For food he gives his flesh,
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchless grace!
Of our descending God.]

3. This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

4. Our heav'nly Father calls
Chriſt and his members one,
We the young children of his love,
And he the firſtborn Son. 16

5. We are but ſev'ral parts
Of the ſame broken bread;
One body hath its ſev'ral limbs,
But Jeſus is the head. 20

6. Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raiſe,
Pleaſure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praiſe. 24

III. *The New Teſtament in the blood of Chriſt*, or, *The New Covenant ſealed.*

"The promiſe of my Father's love
"Shall ſtand for ever good;"
He ſaid, and gave his ſoul to death,
And ſeal'd the grace with blood. 4

2. To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I ſet my worthleſs name,
I ſeal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim. 8

3. The light, and ſtrength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory, ſhall be mine;
My life and ſoul, my heart and fleſh,
And all my pow'rs, are thine. 12

4. I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

5. Sweet is the mem'ry of his name
Who bless'd us in his will;
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

IV. *Christ's dying love*, or, *Our pardon bought at a dear price.*

How condescending and how kind
Was God's Eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

[2. When Justice by our sins provok'd
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murm'ring word.]

[3. He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to his throne:
There 's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.]

4. This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5. Now tho' he reigns exalted high
His love is ſtill as great,
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his ſaints forget.

[6. Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd,
And ſee the ſorrows of his ſoul
Bleed thro' his wounded ſide.]

[7. Here we receive repeated ſeals
Of Jeſus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One ſoft affection move.]

8. Here let our hearts begin to melt
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

V. *Chriſt the bread of life*, John vi. 31, 35, 39.

Let us adore th' Eternal Word,
'Tis he our ſouls has fed:
Thou art our living ſtream O Lord!
And thou th' immortal bread!

[2. The manna came from lower ſkies,
But Jeſus from above,
Where the freſh ſprings of pleaſure riſe,
And rivers flow with love.

3. The Jews the fathers dy'd at last
Who ate that heav'nly bread,
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.] 12

4. Bless'd be the Lord that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men,
And often spreads his table fresh
Lest we should faint again. 16

5. Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath
Whilst Jesus finds supplies,
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies. 20

[6. Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come,
His unresisted pow'r shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.] 24

VI. *The memorial of our absent Lord*, John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

Jesus is gone above the skies
Where our weak senses reach him not,
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our thought. 4

2. He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face,
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace. 8

3. The Lord of life this table ſpread
With his own fleſh and dying blood;
We on the rich proviſion feed,
And taſte the wine and bleſs the God.

4. Let ſinful ſweets be all forgot,
And earth grow leſs in our eſteem,
Chriſt and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5. While he is abſent from our ſight
'Tis to prepare our ſouls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

[6. Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord ſhall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels
To fetch our longing ſpirits home.]

VII. *Crucifixion to the world by the croſs of Chriſt*, Gal. vi. 14.

1. When I ſurvey the wondrous croſs
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it Lord that I ſhould boaſt
Save in the death of Chriſt my God:
All the vain things that charm me moſt
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

3. See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

[4. His dying crimson like a robe
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

VIII. *The tree of life.*

[Come let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

2. While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint, ye stood,
What dear refreshments here ye found
From this immortal food!]

3. The tree of life that near the throne
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace bends gently down
Its ever-smiling boughs.

[4. Hov'ring amongſt the leaves there ſtands
The ſweet celeſtial Dove,
And Jeſus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

[5. 'Tis a young heav'n of ſtrange delight
While in his ſhade we ſit;
His fruit is pleaſing to the ſight,
And to the taſte as ſweet.

6. New life it ſpreads thro' dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts
Without a ſting behind.]

7. Now let the flaming weapon ſtand
And guard all Eden's trees,
There 's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears ſuch fruit as theſe.

8. Infinite Grace our ſouls adore
Whoſe wondrous hand has made
This living Branch of ſov'reign pow'r
To raiſe and heal the dead.

IX. *The Spirit, the water, and the blood,* 1 John v. 6.

[Let all our tongues be one
To praiſe our God on high,
Who from his boſom ſent his Son
To fetch us ſtrangers nigh.

2. Nor let our voices ceaſe
To ſing the Saviour's name;
Jeſus, th' Ambaſſador of peace
How cheerfully he came!

3. It coſt him cries and tears
To bring us near to God:
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4. My Savidur's pierced ſide
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5. Infinite was our guilt,
But he our Prieſt atones;
On the cold ground his life was ſpilt,
And offer'd with his groans.

6. Look up my ſoul to him
Whoſe death was thy deſert,
And humbly view the living ſtream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7. There on the curſed tree
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants ſupplies.

8. Thus the Redeemer came
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit ſpeaks the ſame
We feel his witneſs good.

9. While the Eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal'd my Saviour's love.

[10. Lord! cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter! abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

X. *Christ crucified, the wisdom and power of God.*

Nature with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2. But in the grace that rescu'd man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the cross 't is fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

[3. Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess nor reason prove
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.]

4. Here I behold his inmost heart
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

5. O the ſweet wonders of that croſs
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her nobleſt life my ſpirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding ſide.

6. I would for ever ſpeak his name
In ſounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praiſe the Lamb,
And worſhip at his Father's throne.

XI. *Pardon brought to our ſenſes.*

LORD! how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place
Where Jeſus ſpreads the ſacred feaſt
Of his redeeming grace!

2. There the rich bounties of our God
And ſweeteſt glories ſhine;
There Jeſus ſays "That I am his,
"And my Beloved's mine."

3. "Here, (ſays the kind redeeming Lord,
And ſhows his wounded ſide)
"See here the ſpring of all your joys
"That open'd when I dy'd."

[4. He ſmiles and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain;
"All this," ſays he, "I bore for thee,"
And then he ſmiles again.]

5. What shall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

[6. Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

[7. To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.]

XII. *The gospel-feast*, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

[How rich are thy provisions Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

2. Thine ancient family the Jews
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3. We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far and death was nigh!
But at the gospel-call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4. From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkneſs and deſpair,
Lord! we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy preſence here.] 16

[5. What ſhall we pay th' Eternal Son
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down
To bring us wand'rers back to God! 20

6. It coſt him death to ſave our lives,
To buy our ſouls it coſt his own,
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown. 24

7. Our everlaſting love is due
To him that ranſom'd ſinners loſt,
And pity'd rebels when he knew
The vaſt expenſe his love would coſt.] 28

XIII. *Divine Love making a feaſt and calling in the gueſts,* Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

How ſweet and awful is the place
With Chriſt within the doors,
While everlaſting love diſplays
The choiceſt of her ſtores! 4

2. Here ev'ry bowel of our God,
With ſoft compaſſion rolls,
Here peace and pardon bought with blood
Is food for dying ſouls. 8

[3. While all our hearts and all our tongues
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues
"Lord! why was I a guest?

4. "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room,
"When thousands make a wretched choice,
"And rather starve than come?"

5. 'Twas the free love that spread the feast
That sweetly forc'd us in,
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

[6. Pity the nations O our God!
Constrain the earth to come,
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7. We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul
Sing thy redeeming grace.] 28

XIV. *The song of Simeon*, Luke ii. 28. or, *A sight of Christ makes death easy.*

Now have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2. Our lips should learn that joyful song
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his,
" Our souls still willing to be gone,
" And at thy word depart in peace." 8

3. " Here we have seen thy face O Lord!
" And view'd salvation with our eyes,
" Tasted and felt the living word,
" The bread descending from the skies." 12

4. " Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
" Hast set his blood before our face,
" To teach the terrours of thy name,
" And show the wonders of thy grace." 16

5. " He is our Light, our Morning-star,
" Shall shine on nations yet unknown,
" The glory of thine Israel here,
" And joy of spirits near the throne!" 20

XV. *Our Lord Jesus at his own table.*

The mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue:
How rich he spread his royal board,
And bless'd the food and sung. 4

2. Happy the man that ate this bread!
But doubly bless'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it Lord on thee. 8

3. By faith the ſame delights we taſte
As that great fav'rite did,
And ſit and lean on Jeſus' breaſt,
And take the heav'nly bread.

4. Down from the palace of the ſkies
Hither the King deſcends!
"Come my beloved, eat, (he cries)
"And drink ſalvation friends."

[5. "My fleſh is food and phyſick too,
"A balm for all your pains,
"And the red ſtreams of pardon flow
"From theſe my pierced veins."]

6. Hoſanna to his bounteous love
For ſuch a feaſt below!
And yet he feeds his ſaints above
With nobler bleſſings too.

[7. Come the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our ſouls to reſt!
Then we ſhall need theſe types no more
But dwell at th' heav'nly feaſt.]

XVI. *The agonies of Chriſt.*

Now let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine,
Our ſuff'rings are not worth a thought
When Lord compar'd with thine.

2. In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hope he died for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3. Our humble faith here takes her rise
While sitting round his board,
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

4. His soul what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!

5. But the divinity within
Supported him to bear;
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.

6. Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day!
No mortal tongue nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.

7. Our hymns should sound like those above
Could we our voices raise;
Yet Lord! our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

XVII. *Incomparable food, or, The flesh and blood of Christ.*

[We sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' Eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying worms.

2. This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour! 't is thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.]

3. The banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly things;
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4. In vain had Adam sought
And search'd his garden round;
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all the happy ground.

5. Th' angelick host above
Can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

6. On us th' almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some cheering word
With pleasure in his face.

7. Come all ye drooping saints
And banquet with the King,
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.

8. Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ;
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the highest.

XVIII. *The same.*

Jesus! we bow before thy feet!
Thy table is divinely stor'd;
Thy sacred flesh our souls have ate;
'Tis living bread; we thank thee Lord!

2. And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee Lord! 't is gen'rous wine
Mingled with love; the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3. On earth is no such sweetness found;
For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food:
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine or wine so good.

4. Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart or warm the head,
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5. Joy to the Master of the feast;
His name our souls for ever bless;
To God the King and God the Priest
A loud hosanna round the place.

XIX. *Glory in the cross*; or, *Not ashamed of Christ crucified.*

At thy command our dearest Lord
Here we attend thy dying feast,
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.

2. Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that dy'd,
We hope for heav'nly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3. Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause,
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4. With joy we tell the scoffing age
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

XX. *The provisions for the table of our Lord, or, The tree of life and River of love.*

LORD! we adore thy bounteous hand,
And ſing the ſolemn feaſt,
Where ſweet celeſtial dainties ſtand
For ev'ry willing gueſt. 4

[2. The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming ſword
To guard the paſſage to 't. 8

3. The cup ſtands crown'd with living juice,
The fountain flows above,
And runs down ſtreaming for our uſe
In rivulets of love.] 12

4. The food 's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleaſure 's well refin'd,
They ſpread new life thro' ev'ry heart,
And cheer the drooping mind. 16

5. Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love
Ye ſaints that taſte his wine,
Join with your kindred ſaints above,
In loud hoſannas join. 20

6. A thouſand glories to the God
That gives ſuch joy as this;
Hoſanna! let it ſound abroad,
And reach where Jeſus is. 24

XXI. *The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin, and death, and hell.*

[Come let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky
Where pleasure never dies. 4

2. Jesus the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell,
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell. 8

[3. Jesus the God invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.] 12

4. The Lord how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And oh! what melting words he says
To ev'ry humble ear! 16

5. "For you the children of my love,
"It was for you I dy'd;
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,
"And look into my side. 20

6. "These are the wounds for you I bore,
"The tokens of my pains,
"When I came down to free your souls
"From misery and chains. 24

[7. "Juſtice unſheath'd its fiery ſword,
"And plung'd it in my heart;
"Infinite pangs for you I bore
"And moſt tormenting ſmart.

8. "When hell and all its ſpiteful pow'rs
"Stood dreadful in my way,
"To reſcue thoſe dear lives of yours
"I gave my own away.

9. "But whilſt I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
"I ruin'd Satan's throne;
"High on my croſs I hung, and ſpy'd
"The monſter tumbling down.

10. "Now you muſt triumph at my feaſt,
"And taſte my fleſh and blood,
"And live eternal ages bleſt,
"For 't is immortal food."

11. Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours ſo divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.]

12. We give thee Lord our higheſt praiſe,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes ſo infinite as theſe
Exceed our nobleſt ſongs.

XXII. *The compassion of a dying Christ.*

Our spirits join t'adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move!
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

2. Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death!

[3. Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threat'nings set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.]

[4. The law proclaims no terrour now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more,
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

5. Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood;
Bless'd Fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus our incarnate God.]

6. In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine:
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

XXIII. *Grace and glory by the death of Christ.*

[SITTING around our Father's board
We raise our tuneful breath,
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.] 4

2. We see the blood of Jesus shed
Whence all our pardons rise,
The sinner views the atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice. 8

3. Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heav'nly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds. 12

4. Oh! 't is impossible that we
Who dwell in feeble clay
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay. 16

XXIV. *Pardon and strength from Christ.*

FATHER! we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine,
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine. 4

2. We touch, we taſte the heav'nly bread,
We drink the ſacred cup,
With outward ſymbols our ſenſe is fed,
Our ſouls rejoice in hope.

3. We ſhall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dreſs'd in the garments of his Son,
And ſprinkled with his blood.

4. We ſhall be ſtrong to run the race
And climb the upper ſky;
Chriſt will provide our ſouls with grace,
He bought a large ſupply.

[5. Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feaſt;
We love the mem'ry of his name
More than the wine we taſte.]

XXV. *Divine glories and graces.*

How are thy glories here diſplay'd,
Great God! how bright they ſhine!
While at thy word we break the bread
And pour the flowing wine.

2. Here thy revenging Juſtice ſtands
And pleads its dreadful cauſe,
Here ſaving Mercy ſpreads her hands
Like Jeſus on the croſs.

3. Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace
On this great sacrifice,
And Love appears with cheerful face,
And Faith with fixed eyes.

4. Our Hope in waiting posture sits,
To Heav'n directs her sight,
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,
And warmer pow'rs unite.

5. Zeal and Revenge perform their part,
And rising Sin destroy,
Repentance comes with aking heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6. Dear Saviour change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die,
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.

I Cannot perſuade myſelf to put a full period to theſe divine Hymns till I have addreſſed a ſpecial ſong of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, Gloria Patria, *be retained in our nation from the Roman church, and though there may be ſome exceſſes of ſuperſtitious honour paid to the words of it which may have wrought ſome unhappy prejudices in weaker Chriſtians, yet I believe it ſtill to be one of the nobleſt parts of Chriſtian worſhip. The ſubject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature that our Lord Jeſus Chriſt has ſo clearly revealed unto men, and is ſo neceſſary to true Chriſtianity. The action is praiſe, which is one of the moſt complete and exalted parts of Chriſtian worſhip. I have caſt the Song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain verſion or a larger paraphraſe, to be ſung either alone or at the concluſion of another Hymn. I have added alſo a few* hoſannas *or aſcriptions of ſalvation to Chriſt, in the ſame manner, and for the ſame end.*

A ſong of praiſe to the everbleſſed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

XXVI. Firſt. Long Metre.

BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe
Rivers of endleſs joy above,
And rills of comfort here below. 4

2. Glory to thee great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3. We give thee sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4. Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That sea of life, and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

XXVII. First. Common Metre.

Glory to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Chose out his favorites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2. Glory to God the Son be paid
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead
Gave his own life away.

3. Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty pow'r
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4. Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' Eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known. 16

XXVIII. First. Short Metre.

Let God the Father live
For ever on our tongues:
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs. 4

2. Ye saints employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who brought your souls from hell and death
By off'ring up his own. 8

3. Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace, convey
Salvation down to men. 12

4. While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within! 16

5. To the great One and Three
That seal this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n. 20

XXIX. Second, Long Metre.

GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence One, in person Three;
A social nature, yet alone. 4

2. When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd
The honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise. 8

XXX. Second. Common Metre.

THE God of mercy be ador'd
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
And newcreating breath. 4

2. To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join. 8

XXXI. Second. Short Metre.

LET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear;
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter. 4

2. Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy pow'r. 8

XXXII. Third. Long Metre.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory, giv'n
By all on earth and all in heav'n. 4

XXXIII. Or thus:

All glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love;
Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove. 4

XXXIV. Third. Common Metre.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord. 4

XXXV. Or thus:

Honour to thee almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son. 4

XXXVI. Third. Short Metre.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too. 4

XXXVII. Or thus:

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done. 4

XXXVIII. *A Song of praise to the blessed Trinity. The first as the* cxlviiith *Psalm.*

I Give immortal praise
To God the Father's love
For all my comforts here
And better hopes above.
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That man had done. 8

2. To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains. 16

3. To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose newcreating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live.
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4. Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One.
Where reason fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

XXXIX. *The second as the* cxlviiith *Psalm.*

To him that chose us first
Before the world began,
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To him that form'd
Our hearts anew
Is endless praise
And glory due.

2. The Father's love shall run
Thro' our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:

Our lips addreſs
The Spirit's name
With equal praiſe
And zeal the ſame.

3. Let ev'ry ſaint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bleſs and love
The ſacred Three in One:
Thus Heav'n ſhall raiſe
His honours high
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

XL. *The third as the* cxlviiith *Pſalm.*

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raiſe,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praiſe;
And while our lips
Their tribute bring
Our faith adores
The name we ſing.

XLI. Or thus:

To our Eternal God,
The Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
Three myſteries in One,

Salvation, pow'r,
And praiſe, be giv'n
By all on earth
And all in heav'n. 8

The Hoſanna, or, Salvation aſcribed to Chriſt.

XLII. Long Metre.

HOSANNA to King David's Son
Who reigns on a ſuperiour throne:
We bleſs the Prince of heav'nly birth
Who brings ſalvation down to earth. 4

2. Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion ſing
The growing glories of her King. 8

XLIII. Common Metre.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace,
Sion behold thy King,
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to ſing. 4

2. Hoſanna to th' incarnate Word
Who from the Father came,
Aſcribe ſalvation to the Lord
With bleſſings on his name. 8

XLIV. Short Metre.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood. 4

2. To Christ th' anointed King
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing
Who made our peace with Heav'n. 8

XLV. *as the* xlviiith *Psalm.*

HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood,
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God.
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay. 8

2. Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb,
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim,
Upon his head
Shall honours rest,
And ev'ry age
Pronounce him blest. 16

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